



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

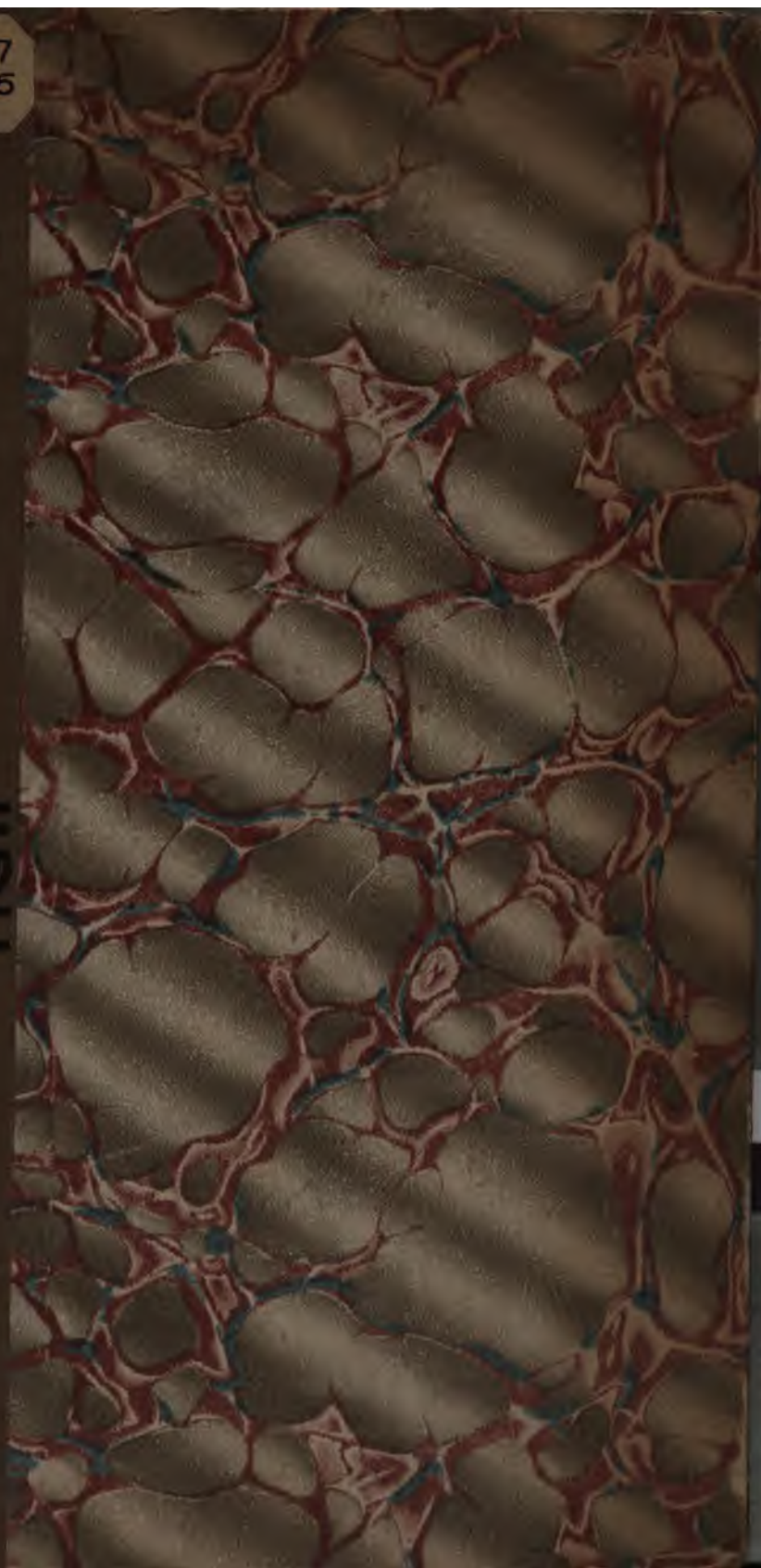
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

23497
36.9.15

Brayshey-The Protector at Houg-
hall



23497.36.9.15

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918

THE
PROTECTOR AT HOUGHALL;

OR,

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

AN ORIGINAL DRAMA,

In Four Acts.

BY JAMES BRAYSHAY,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DURHAM.

JULY 10th and 12th, 1881.

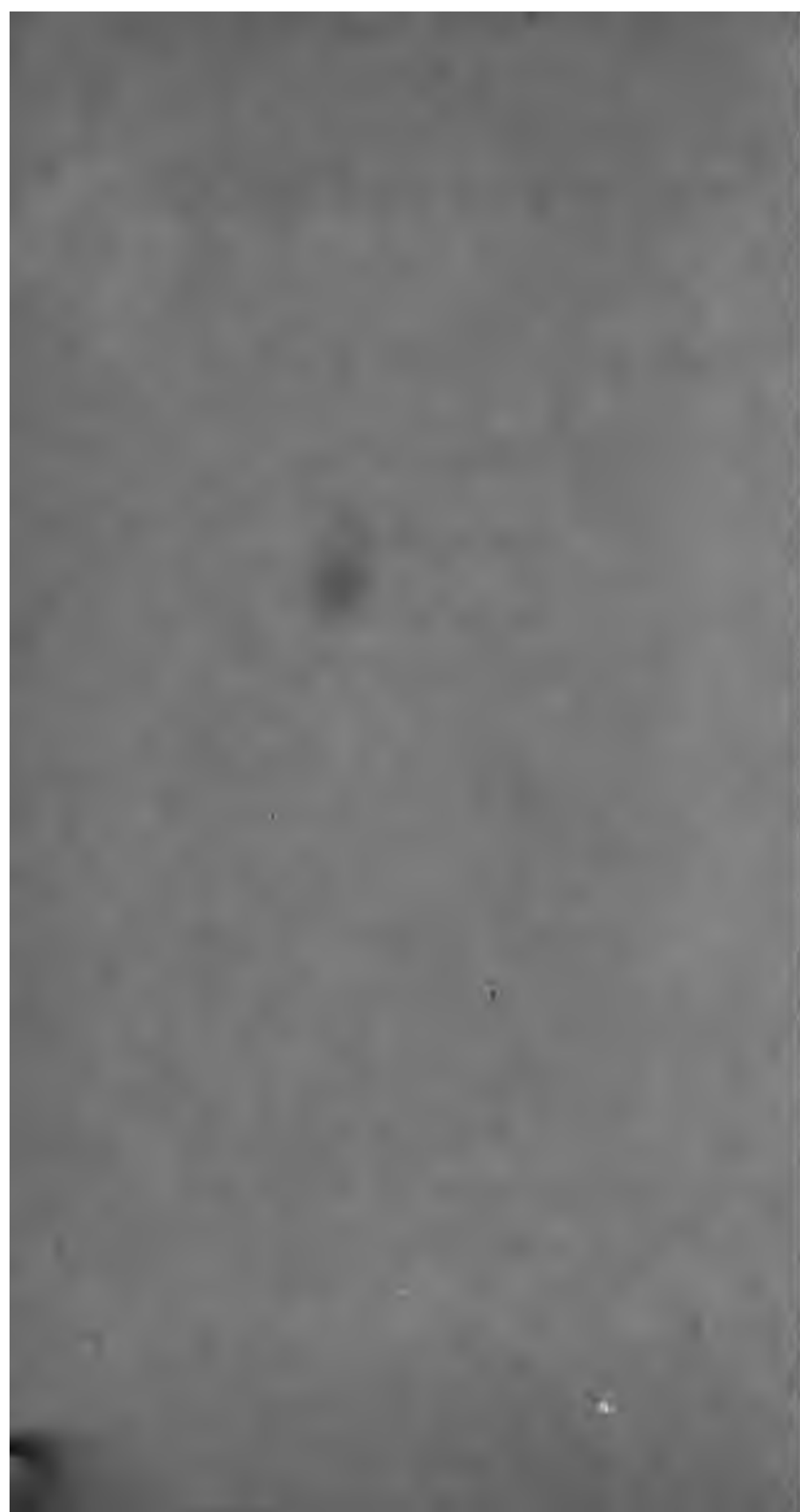
The great ones of the earth, whose wondrous deeds
Live in remotest memory—men whose souls
Inform all coming time—are dear unto
The land that bore them. Every nook they trod
Is sacred ground, and venturous story feigns
The motive and appends the cue unto
Their presence, and their set. Judged or misjudged,
What greater potentate than he whose name
We feebly incorporate here—CHAMBERLAIN!
Our own land's wonder and the nation's dread.
A living name abroad, as here, even now.
The mighty Englishman! a mortal man
Who did as he believed—the RIGHT!

LONDON:

GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND

WILLIAM AINSLEY, DURHAM.



o

THE

PROTECTOR AT HOUGHALL;

OR,

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

AN ORIGINAL DRAMA,

In Four Acts.

BY JAMES BRAYSHAY.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DURHAM,

JULY 10th and 12th, 1851.

LONDON:

GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND

WILLIAM AINSLEY, DURHAM.

2349.7. 36. 9. 15

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1878

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

TO
Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton, Bart.,

THE AUTHOR OF

“RICHELIEU,” “THE LADY OF LYONS,” &c.,

AS A TOKEN OF ADMIRATION
OF THE LOFTY GENIUS AND THE LEARNED HUMAN SPIRIT FOR WHICH
HE IS SO EMINENTLY DISTINGUISHED,

THIS DRAMA

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

THE Author avails himself of a time-honoured custom to say a few words concerning his Drama.

When very young, Houghall was pointed out to him, and he was told of the tradition of Oliver Cromwell's having resided within its walls, by a revered relative, who knew how to appreciate the noble qualities of the Great Protector. Hence, possibly, the selection of the subject.

The necessity for selection arose in this manner :—

Having intimated, on a momentary impulse, his willingness to forward the interests of a deserving manager, by writing a local Drama, he was, on the instant, taken at his word, and bound over to its execution. He chose his subject, set to work, and within a fortnight the Drama was completed : one act passing into the Prompter's hands before another was finished—the exigency as to time arising from the shortness of the dramatic season, &c. When written, an engagement on the part of the Manager delayed its production ; and a painful bereavement intervened, which deprived the Author of those advantages which attendance on a rehearsal affords, in order to correction and improvement, as it also prevented him from witnessing the performance : circumstances certainly to be considered while criticising the play of a perfect novice in dramatic writing.

The distinguished success it met with induced a desire to read it on the part of many who had attended the performance. It was called for in a printed form, and the Author (a common case) yielded reluctantly to the request.

While preparing it for the Press, he has felt a strong desire to rewrite and condense it, but as that might seem to savour

of cowardice, and moreover to be a sort of fraud on the subscribers, who wished to read what they had heard and witnessed, he has contented himself with little more than the correction of a few obvious errors.

As to the language, it is intentionally modernized; and he was not over careful as to anachronisms and license with history. The "puritanical cant" was dropped as soon as possible, the Author believing Oliver liked it as little as he does.

Being wholly fictitious, and not dependent upon the feeling of a locality, by suppressing a portion it might, if required, be adapted for any stage.

It is now offered for the perusal of the public. If there is merit in it—a breath will not destroy it; if not, let it die. Whatever there is, or is not in it, this much is certain,—there is no pandering to vice in it; there is no sentiment the Author would blush to repeat. Nothing but its hearty home touches and moral elevation can account for its success. Conscious of this he is not over anxious for the result.

In conclusion, the Author tenders his most hearty acknowledgments for the more than kindly—the enthusiastic reception of the piece, the report of which was most grateful to his feelings, and not a little encouraging. He very sincerely thanks his fellow citizens for their generous approval.

To J. W. BENSON, Esq., and his talented company, he presents his best thanks for the energy and ability—to judge by the applause their efforts elicited—manifested by them in embodying the characters of the Drama.

*Leazes Place,
Durham, Sep. 19th, 1851.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

WITH THE CAST OF CHARACTERS,

*As Performed on Thursday & Saturday, July 10th & 12th, 1851,
In the Theatre Royal, Durham.*

MEN.

OLIVER CROMWELL, <i>on a visit to Houghall</i> , ..	Mr J. W. BENSON.	
SIR ARTHUR HAZELRIGGE, <i>its Owner</i> , ...	Mr SOMERS.	
CAPTAIN RAPIER, }	<i>Cavaliers.</i> {	Mr F. HASTINGS.
COLONEL LOVEJOY, }		Mr MAYLAND.
REUBEN, <i>a Serjeant</i> , }	<i>of Cromwell's Guard</i> , {	Mr J. JOHNSON.
MICAH, <i>a Corporal</i> , }		Mr BAKER.
PICKLEPRIDE, <i>a Preacher and Tailor</i> , ...	Mr S. JOHNSON.	
HOST, ...	<i>of Durham.</i> {	Mr WATSON.
CITIZENS, ...		Mr ROBERTS, &c.
MAYOR, ...		Mr ROBSON.

SOLDIERS, &c.

WOMEN.

LADY LOVEL, <i>of Butterby</i> , ...	Mrs W. H. COATES.
MARY, <i>Niece of Cromwell</i> , ...	Mrs BAKER.
DEBORAH HAZELRIGGE, ...	Mrs F. HASTINGS.
POLLY, <i>a Village Flirt</i> , ...	Miss E. JOHNSON.
DOLLY, <i>a Chambermaid</i> , ...	Miss E. HODSON.
FRANCES CROMWELL, <i>Daughter of Oliver</i> , ...	Miss M. HODSON.
PRISCILLA, <i>Mary's Attendant</i> , ...	Miss BATSON.
DORCAS, <i>Housekeeper at Houghall</i> , ...	Mrs WATSON.



THE
PROTECTOR AT HOUGHALL;
OR
THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Shincliffe, a village near Durham. Villagers discovered grouped before PICKLEPRIDE, who is mounted on a cask and addressing a drowsy audience, chiefly composed of women and children. DORCAS and DEBORAH are present and POLLY. A loud hum is heard on opening.*

Pick. Finally, I say, finally my brethren—a, and sisters—
young men and maidens—a (that little boy's sleeping! clap his
back or the "claggum" will choke him, ugh!)—young men and
maidens, matronly maidens, eh? (*to Dorcas*) and old men.—O
reprobate and backsliding generation! there's no old men!
(*groans*). Well I declare there's a woman going to the bake-
house of a Sunday, with a veal pie I shouldn't wonder, or—
well, well! oh, oh! (*groans*). Take it—to proceed—take it to
your hearts as a cup of Geneva—ugh! (*groans*)—yea rejoice
mightily, I say, rejoice! The good things of this life—a—the
gold, and the silver, and the jewels—the roasts and the boils,
the sirloins, and the tankards of ale—the sausages, the onions,
and the pickles (*groans*)—

Dor. The Pickles?

Pick. (*Leering at her*) Well, madam, we'll drop the pick-
les! *could* we drop the pride, *our* Picklepride? (*groans*)—ah,
no! well!—The medicines for the stomach—the gin and bitters
—the sack, and the butter, and the cream—the velvets, the
satins, the taffeta, and the lace (*groans*)—all, in moderation of
course, are for the elect! The venison pastics, crisp and tender
—ugh!—

Vil. And the mince pies?

Pick. Verily, sister, but not at Christmas

Vil. Why? wherefore not?

Pick. Be silent, profane one!—*Tassy*—that is hold your peace. All! all, all for the elect!—The—the—yea the young maidens with the rosy lips! (*looking at Deborah whom he has been ogling.*)

Dor. O! fie! (*fanning herself*) you tread on dangerous ground! you're young—you lack experience brother! Consider! the young people.

Pick. To the pure madam—eh? Dangerous, I grant you, to the ungodly—but not to the elect—the chosen ones! (*Whispers*) O madam you are a saint.

Deb. The wretch, how he has been ogling me! Is the horse-pond for the elect I wonder?

Polly. Brother Picklepride erreth not! Kisses *are* for the elect—yea, verily, for the elect!

Pick. Sister! remind me and anon I will bestow on thee the kiss of peace.

Vil. Not for the first time, I warrant. But who cometh hitherward?

Pick. Verily, a heathen and an Egyptian! I must conclude. Sisters, we will now retire!

Enter CAPTAIN RAPIER.

Rapier. Ho! ho! turned up a wasp's nest! a conventicle! Egad! I'll have a little sport here. (*To Pickle.*) Art thou in health my brother? [*Poking his stomach.*]

Pick. Hum! my gall is moved! I shall be an anger'd anon! Man of perdition, my gall is moved!

Rapier. Hum! too much Geneva—eh? no, that's not the nose! Sack? no! Beer, eh? got a liver complaint—eh? I say, Homily Hometext? no! Gin and Bitters—is that your name? saw you, saw you! egad, you're a deep one! Pretty dears, eh? —in the lane you know!—precious sisters!—consolation—ha! Only you shouldn't smack your lips so!—Odsbobs! it's not gentle, not to say profane! Do it again, eh? do it again? Ha! ha! ha! why there she is—the favoured vessel (*to Polly*)—Sweet sister, I am moved to kiss thee (*kisses her loudly*)—yea verily, and to hug thee. [*Embraces her extravagantly.*]

Deb. (*aside.*) 'Tis he—'tis Lovejoy's friend—my brave preserver! What does he here? Mary must know of this.

Dor. Thou man of sin forbear!

Vil. O! she's used to it.

Pick. Of a verity, man of wrath, I could use the arm of the flesh mightily, yea mightily against thee, nevertheless—

Rapier. Thy spirit faileth thee! egad! its luscious—I'll have another and another. [*Kisses her again.*]

Pick. Man of Belial, touch her not! she is of the elect.

Dor. I shall faint—to ki—s—s.—Lead me away from beholding such vanities.—To be kis—sed by a man! Surely there'll be a flood: O dear! and I live so near the river. [*Is led off.*]

Vil. The old maid's envious.

Polly. Why kissest thou me? and why putttest thou thine arm as a girdle around me? O! presumptuous man, why doest thou this? Verily I am an anger'd at thee—verily I am! (*ogling him.*) Thou dwellest without, lost one!

Rapier. And where dwellest thou, my pretty one?

Polly. On the top of yonder hill thine eyes may see my dwelling. From yonder window I survey the land.

Rapier (aside.) An invitation. Of a verity I will visit thee, and comfort thee, farewell!

Polly. Farewell! man of—of—

Rapier. Flesh and blood, madam; flesh and blood!

Pick. O cockatrice! Judasess!

Polly (sharply.) None of your impudence. [*Exit.*]

[*Picklepride goes behind Rapier and threatens him—Rapier turns and he desists.*]

Pick. (aside.) The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. I wish I had my lapboard here. Its hard to act the saint when you'd like to play the devil and pitch into 'em. Verily it is!

[*Exit Picklepride.*]

Rapier. Ha! they have all decamped! Now for means—I must see Mary—but how? The hall is guarded like a citadel. Sir Arthur coming, if not returned already. A pair of fools—why they value each other's finger nails more than the whole dimensions of any other christian—and yet can't keep off quarrelling—differing at least in some sort or other. After so long an absence and passing through such peril, my poor friend must surely find a kind welcome from the noble Mary. I shouldn't like a wife so high principled now—a sort of moral weighing machine—I would be afraid to sit beside her. I suppose he's not good enough for the fair saint's taste—and yet he's too pure and puritanical by half, though brave as a lion. Then that information—why if true—I have no wife to make a lady. Ah! ah! My poor mother! I think I see you as when a lad you used to stroke my hair, and in your quick decided way exclaim “My Ned must be a gallant gentleman!”—I'm very sad! How strange that thoughts of *thee*, dear mother, have ever been to me precursors of new peril! Can it be? Fain would I believe it thy blessed spirit hovers o'er my path, a guardian angel!—My poor mother! Pooh! pooh! this won't do! snivelling, and about—ha! ha! about one's mother. What! the rake-helly cavalier, as the saints say, who has pricked the snout of death in the battle-field a score of times, and in the duello as often—snivel about his mother and his boyish days! If the club

knew it! ha! ha!—They were the happiest days of my life after all!

Deb. (aside.) Shall I speak to his mother's son?

Rapier. The poor colonel's more *in* love and not a whit less *out* of favour than ever, and altogether to the full as miserable as one could desire. Poor devil! What a fool love makes of a man!—Like a fire it shrivels up his flesh and substance. A man in love is winged like an angel, hoofed like a devil, and coloured like a chameleon. He puts a rod in a cherry-faced misses' hand and says "Whip me!" Love's the devil!

Deb. (aside.) No: its Deborah!

Rapier. Now I never was in love and don't intend to be.

Deb. (aside.) Without my permission you mean. How brown he's grown.

Rapier. Odd enough, I never see a woman—one or too excepted perhaps—but all the impudence I possess rushes forward as 'twere instinctively to greet her—but love—no! no! By the bye, I wonder whether that pretty prim precise piece of Puritanism—the little gipsy, Deborah, a visitor then—is at the hall now.

Deb. (aside.) I'm afraid that pretty prim precise piece of Puritanism is in a worse place just now, you instinctively impudent captain!

Rapier. Ha! ha! the first idea I ever had of fear I owe to her. She bewitched me! made me feel as if I had lost myself, and would like to ask *her* if *she* had *found* me. I've been angry at myself for my weakness ever since.

Deb. (aside.) So! so!

Rapier. Why if she had ordered me to the kennel to do house-dog duty—I verily believe I would have barked obedience. I'll have a tussle with her for the command if she's there this time.

Deb. (aside.) Don't! you know 'twere useless. I'll remain concealed.

Rapier. Heigho! Deborah! it's an ugly name, a damnable name—the name I mean!—it sounds like Gomorrah! Deb! Debby!—worse still—sounded sharp now I rather like it!—Deborah! Deborah! Deborah!

[*Sees Deborah—her face concealed.*]

Deb. Said I my name was Deborah? I like not ugly horrid names—not even sounded sharp.

Rapier. Is't not thy name, sweet saint! (*aside*) How like her figure.—Would I could see her face. Thy name would be a traitor to thee were it not a pretty one. (*She goes off.*) Egad, I'll follow her. Could I but see her face! She must be ugly! Never woman since the days of Eve but loved a proper fellow's eyes for a looking glass o' the Sundays! How like to Debo-

rah!—A proper woman! she goes toward the hall. How lithe she trips! Deborah!—It must be she—I'll overtake her. Hist! Deborah! Deborah! [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Border of a Wood near Houghall.*

Enter CROMWELL and HAZELRIGGE.

Crom. More in my closet for thine ear! Thou knowest I would be gentle, Hazelrigge!—Thou knowest I would. An English heart all over's mine,—Say what the hang-dogs may! I love brave souls! Have pity and compassion for the dupes Of king-craft. It moves me, Hazelrigge—I say—To think for a successive fool or knave Brave hearts should bleed; and peaceful homes Where love dwelt—and domestic charities, Where age sat in the sun, fading away In mellow ripeness to a riper birth!—That there, I say—the scum of the earth—tapsters And god-forsaken desperadoes—rank filth—Should with hot license be belched in to blast!

Haz. Without such evil falls not wrong, your Highness.

Crom. I tell thee, Hazelrigge, I've read amiss The nation's destinies, our island's soul—Were Cromwell slain this hour, if again A tyrant, cut-purse, gaoler, cozenor, Be for a reign endured—all cannot die, Though Oliver may! The tree of liberty Hath ever life! But I would have it swell Up unto heaven—its countless branches swaying Melodiously in the air their verdant plumes To be admired of angels! Enough of this. This lad, young Lovejoy—I'd not harm him. A generous lad, misguided—loves the right—Will fight for't—all danger front for't—die for't—Die smiling as a bridegroom sleeps—Brave lad! I would I had been nigh ere he mistook so! Why should *he* mix with plotting fools!—I love him!

Haz. He's maligned!

Crom. When state necessity, I say, Puts such to death—bear witness heaven—I joy not In it. 'Tis pain and grief of heart to me. But that I know the general weal demands Due precedence of the particular, And ill-considered mercy, is defraud And treachery unto it!—I would spare them! But for the Italian dog, whose venom'd teeth

Bite in the dark and slay men privily
My heel upon them! Who goes there?—What ho!

Haz. Your highness—'twas but a rustling leaf!

Crom. But that!

How oft behind a deadly ambush lurks!
And to as trivial cause a state's great head
Owes all the future. Staunch Hazelrigge—I say—
That I could weep to think how momentarily
Fades a great light! Bright—brightening all to day!
To-morrow it is gone! Gone—the brave light!
Who mourns it?—Speak!

Haz. It is the future's sun!

More present sympathies serve to day's men!
A great man's image is a century old!

Crom well!

I tell thee for thy fame—for thy great heart—
For its acknowledgment—the time that is
Is naught!—To that to come look thou!
When Englishmen are proud of thee—that time
Will have a purpose in't—a memory!

Crom. Who goes there? O! Hazelrigge, I'm sad at heart!

Enter MICAH in haste.

Micah. Spies are abroad!—Though sooth, I cannot say
The land is goodly!—Godly Peter fell!

But now in the swamp among the rushes—
And I grieve to say it—swore—being fouled.
Aminadab too from Maiden Castle Cliff
Was by a swashbuckler, whom he questioned,
Hurled down incontinent! A maid deceiver!
A deboshed Stuart man!

Crom. Spies are abroad!

What present mischief threatens?—Where's Reuben
I doubted him—but he 'twould seem was right.
Hither for rest—should Charles be here for peace—
All wearied came I! Nigh, corporal! nigh?

Micah. Within a mile a godless cavalier,
Reckless and reprobate—with lovelocks—

Crom. Faugh!

No more of that! Is he known?—Who?—What?—When?

Micah. Rapier, a captain—Colonel Lovejoy's friend—
But now was seen—

Haz. The silly lad hath eyes!

And Mary, my fair ward, is lovely! Pooh!
Spoil not your needed rest!—I have no fear.
Reuben is ever mare's nests finding—*That*
Your highness knows! My life the lad is true!

Too full of love for plots! Is Reuben true?

Crom. Faith's self would die, betrayed as Cromwell is!

Bid Reuben wait my will! My presence here

Unknown!—But is it? Would they trap *me*—

The nation's *man*—if it but knew it so!

Circumvent the plain from the wood's summit

Narrowing toward the hall. Bring in all prisoners!

Be vigilant!—It much concerns the state

Ages to come—how much? The moon will serve!

And yet perchance all's well! For oft where danger

Lurks not, danger seems imminent—none seeing

Where it lies. Blind worms all!—Come, Hazelrigge!

Enter REUBEN.

Reuben. Your highness—

Crom. Hast heard? Come with us!—Ha! thou hast!

To ensnare the fowler—trap the wolf! Ha! ha!

Thy name would live, Reuben!—Eh, corporal?

Or thine—true heart! (*chucks his chin.*) Be vigilant! good night.

[*Exeunt Sir Arthur and Cromwell, conversing with Reuben.*]

Micah. God bless your highness! I'll be true!—good night!
To death for him his Ironsides will fight.

SCENE III.—*A Wood near Shincliffe.*

Enter PICKLEPRIDE.

Pick. Well, the dear old lady's got the start of me! Verily I hold her in high esteem! I like her for her venison pasties—I admire her for her larder—but, O! I adore her for her spiced Canary therewith! It's very odd so many women should be led into captivity by my charms; especially of late, since I've taken to preaching. It was a capital idea—it's the way to be admired and get a wife!—Though of a verity I *am* a goodly youth! The darlings, they cannot help it! (*Takes out a mirror.*) My eyes! Now what sort of eyes are they? They're not black! Grey?—No! not grey like a cat's of the gender masculine! Green?—Needles and thimbles!—A tailor with green eyes!—He'd better put up for a sign “cabbaging done here!” Blue?—No! Brimstone eyes!—Bad that!—But really, without flattery, speaking confidentially, or historically—that's better! There flourished—don't I?—near Durham, the pink and perfection of a man in the time of the Commonwealth—uncommon times rather!—and Picklepride was his name—Get thee behind me Satan with the elect!—His locks were like—well, no matter now! His eyes—hum! his nose—that's an interesting feature!—What could one say about one's nose?—Tut, tut!—“In short, to the

manners of a court, he united the discretion of a divine!"—good that! and the grace of a poller!—the eloquence of a scissors-ho—what was that heathen's name?—good enough for him too! Oh, Cicero! Envied by the men (don't they?) he was adored by the women—(that is the females, that is the ladies)—sensible darlings! and wherever he went their blessings pursued him.

Enter POLLY unperceived.

Polly. O! you wretch, you wretch! so you must be jealous, must you!—Marry come up, jealous! O you hypocrite!—You base bad man! I'll tear your eyes out! I'll expose you! I'll let the people know what a nasty hypocrite you are! I'll tell them—you know what I'll tell them! O! that I should live to be called a Judasess and a cockatrice!—Do I look like a fellow? Margery, that hates me like poison, never said that. A cockatrice! Oh! dear, dear! and you promised to marry me—you wretch—a hundred times, you did.

Pick. Polly, where's your religion?

Polly. Drat the religion! You never thought about it when you used to kiss a body so!

Pick. It must be in the cloth! What a fuss the darlings make about me! Dry thine eyes, thou weak vessel, and come hither and I will kiss thee once—peradventure twice. Now no nonsense, Poll! don't put me in a passion!

Polly. Marry, come up!—What then? Would you strike me? I'd like to see you!

Pick. No! I'd pray for you, and anon go and ask Margery to refresh me with a cup of beer and a rasher of bacon cooked with her own pretty fingers.

Polly. I'll never do it again! Don't now! don't darling! I got vexed, dear! Kiss me now!—Forget and forgive! But you won't speak to that creature any more, that trollope—will you?

Pick. Trollope! Who's she?—Is she a cook?

Polly. It's Margery, I mean.

Pick. Polly, do you think me good looking, eh?—Don't you think I become my gown as well as any of 'em? Now, do you imagine its in the nature of things for a proper fellow like me (*draws*) to turn away in wrath from the frailty which hold-eth me in admiration!—Verily, no!—Yet to oblige thee I will not (*aside*) at present. But Polly, I'm going to the hall!—Only wait, Polly! Eh! Polly?

Polly. You will, will you! O! my goodness, I'm so glad! only—when the time comes—I won't have Margery at the wedding! We'll go past her door though; and mind you wear your gown—you look so nice.

Pick. Hum! Farewell, Polly! Kiss me child! Hum!

Polly. Good bye! Farewell, dear Timothy! [*She goes off.*]

Pick. Vanity of vanities!—That's a woman's vanity. I'll—yes, I'll try to overtake that audacious but bewitching Deborah: I fancy *she* admires me too.

Re-enter POLLY.

Polly. Now you're not deceiving me—are you Timothy?

Pick. What, you want another kiss, do you? Deceive you! What a pretty little creature it is! Good bye! good bye!

Polly. May I tell Margery?

Pick. Oh, no! (*aside*) She'll tell Priscilla at the hall. No! no, not yet awhile.

Polly. But let me tell Aunt Betsy!

Pick. (*aside*) She goes to Durham Market once a week, and she'd tell Dolly. O! my darling, Polly, you mustn't tell any body. (*aside*) Hum!—if she do, I'll be torn to pieces before a month's over.

Polly. Well then I won't. But thou wilt be true and constant!

Pick. Of a verity I will!

Polly. Ha! ha! I'm so glad!

Pick. (*aside*) Oh dear! dear! how easily one gets involved with the dear creatures! I verily believe I've promised a dozen a dozen times over. Holla! What's the matter now?—Soldiers! I'll to the hall. [*Exit.*]

Polly. (*stares after him*) Why he's a coward! O I'm afraid he's a base deceiver—not a bit like the Durham lad that loved my sister!—He *was* a lover. Heigho! that's a pretty song she sings about him.

SONG.

THE DURHAM LAD.

Oh! I shall see him no more!

No more—no more!

In his bosom a locket he bore!

He bore—he bore!

'Twas in Marston's battle's roar

He fell with his wounds before!

Oh! I shall see him no more!

No more—no more!

Oh! my Durham lad, he died!

He died—he died!

My beautiful lad—my pride!

My pride—my pride!

“He kissed the locket, and sighed

In Durham I leave my bride;

Sore will her dear heart be tried!”

He sighed—and died.

I think of my love and weep!
 And weep—and weep!
 He kisses my cheeks in sleep—
 In sleep—in sleep!
 A locket with tears I steep,
 Before to my bed I creep;
 Oh! 'tis for my love I weep—
 I weep—I weep!

Aye! *he* was worth crying for!—He wasn't a coward!

[*Exit Polly.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Wood.*

Enter DEBORAH, alarmed.

Deb. Am I pursued?—No! O! my poor heart—be still!
 How forms and ceremonies prostrate fall,
 And melt away as icebergs 'neath the sun,
 That bar the way of generous loving hearts!
 Dear Rapier! An I wear the sober grey,
 Purse up my lips and look demure and staid:
 And thou art in my people's nostrils an offence—
 I'll not believe I err in loving thee!
 Thy heart was ever noble. From a child
 I know brave deeds and gen'rous thoughts were thine;
 Thy manhood lacked them not!—For was't not thou
 Who when a canting villain once assailed
 My honour, from his very fangs delivered me;
 And all the while was hunted for his life—
 The brave heart! the—*my* most noble Rapier!
 My—did I say *my*? Oh! happy eavesdropping!
 Did I not hear him? [Sound of firing.]
 Ha! what means this stir?—I left all tranquil!
 They *were* soldiers then, I saw, as I crossed
 O'er the Wear but now! What can this firing mean?
 O! thoughtless, heartless girl! Dear, dear Rapier,
 You're on dangerous ground!—Would I could warn you!
 Rapier, you'll rush into the tiger's jaws!
 Where are you?—Rapier! Ha! some one comes this way!

[*Sound of firing.*]

Behind this bush I'll lie concealed; perchance
 I may deliver him!

[*Exit.*]

Enter PICKLEPRIDE, in terror.

Pick. O dear! here's a pickle! I wish I were in Silver Street again, with my steel needle and thimble, making button-holes. That's the only sort of steel for me! Give me any day a button-hole rather than a bullet-hole to mend or make. I'm on their

side to be sure; but what of that if they wing me with a shot before they can see what side I'm on! O dear! dear! I'm all over needles!—This comes of running into temptation! That Deborah! I couldn't preach for ogling her, and I must follow her to be ogled by gun barrels. O, the devil! I shall be shot!—I'll climb this tree, but first off—off with my gown and bands! (*shouting without*) O Polly Swipes! when you laid me across your knee at your school in Crossgate, for telling lies and filching claggum, you were wrong!—you said I'd live to be hanged, and I shall assuredly die to be shot! Picklepride, pickled! O dear! here goes. (*tries to climb*) Tailors should be good climbers; alas! I'm not! I'll get beneath this bush!—I wish it was the bush in Silver Street. Good wine needs no bush, but Pickle does—a *hazel* bush,—*that's* ominous and striking. [*Hides.*]

Enter RAPIER.

Rapier. By heaven I am encircled! Turn which way I will—I rush on foes! I'll try this path! [*Sounds Ho!* There again—then this. (*sounds*) This way! (*sounds*) I am indeed Surrounded! Well, well—you'll buy me dearly! Come forth old friend! Slow in the scabbard now—'Twould be the first time! I trow a soldier Loves his sword as well as his mistress' self. Be true unto your master now old friend! I will not lose my liberty!—I'll lose My life first! My back to this tree, and then I'm good for a dozen of the canting knaves. [*Sees Deborah.* Ha! what is't I see? Deborah? poor girl! Take heed! My life is naught—but such a flower, So precious!—to snap thy life! Cling not to me! They will not hurt thee. Pass on! pass on! They seek *my* life—The curs would die for thine; Even die for such as thee! Why, Deborah! She grows to me! Deborah! my dear one! Deborah! I fear them less than I fear For thee! (*kisses her*) Pass on! another bright bubble risen To burst—the brightest yet! Dear Deborah! I do believe since first I saw thy face My heart has nursed it's warmth to burst impetuous From my lips in tenderness unto thee now! [*Sounds without—Halloh!*]

Deb. Dear Rapier!

Rapier. *She says it!*—Dogs! I can die now! Hillioh

Deb. Rash man, forbear!—Thy danger tears my secret From me! If thou diest, I die! I was In youth thy playfellow!

Rapier. What Deborah?

Arch, saucy Deborah!

Deb. Aye! *you* forgot me.

Rapier (kneels) As yon winding Wear pursues its silv'ry way
Incessant to the sea—o'er pebbled beds,
Through rocks, by golden meads, and forests garbed
In glorious green—that stoop in majesty
To kiss it!—So my love, dear Deborah,
Shall flow to thee through all impediments
Of fate and fortune; and all that's great and good,
Yea heaven itself, shall stoop to bless it!

Deb. Hush! hush! deceiver hush!—Thy life! how save it?
Ha! unused to wiles!

[*Brings forward Picklepride's gown, &c.*

Disguise thyself in this!

These soldiers know thee not for sure!—They're strange

Unto us here. Haste! haste! Refuse?—you're mad!

Would you see me cold at your feet, Rapier?

[*Rapier disguises himself.*

Well—well! you're apt, and have by heart their speech.

The mocking words I love not—no! but Rapier,

I love *thee*.

Rapier. (puritanically) The kiss of peace Deborah! hum!

[*She runs off. Sounds without.*

Now for a godly phiz!—I have heart now!

God bless thee Deborah! Until a woman's love

His heartstrings sweeps, a man's not fitted to

Life's harmonies! Let the knaves come—I feel

Another man!—A Nestor—an Achilles!

They come—I'm ready!

Enter MICAH and Soldiers.

Micah. Stand ho!—Who art thou?

Rapier. Verily, with thine eyes thou mayest discern.

Is this the garb of the ungodly?—I'st?

Or art thou one of the profane? Alas!

Mic. A torch here! ho! I crave (*aside*) who knows him?—see!

Your pardon reverend sir and brother! Lo!

I have orders from his highness straight to bring—

Rapier. Not Old Noll? (*aside*) Confound the slip!

Micah. Strange, very strange!

[*Aside.*

Yea the great Oliver, on pressing business,

Hath here to Houghall come; where having heard

Of godless desperadoes hov'ring nigh,

He's ordered all within the circuit of a mile

Be brought before him, on discovery, straight!

Rapier. Pray, is that blessed champion well?

Micah. He is!
 Though worn with state affairs!
Rapier. Would he were well
 As I, weak brother, wish him! (*aside*) He'd be pickled
 In Butterby salt spring! Hum!
Micah. My brother—
 Nay my father, pardon me! I shame to say
 The savour of thy name hath never reached
 My ignorance! A pillar of the church?
Rapier. (*aside*) Corinthian then, decidedly! Hum! ha!
 Yea, yea! Hum!
Micah. Enlighten me, I pray! thy name?
Rapier. My name?
 Egad! I had forgot my name!—My name? [*Aside.*
 What is my name?
Micah. His highness' orders none gainsay.
Rapier. (*aside*) The devil take him, and your curface too!
 Ha! I asked his name; 'twill do! a comical—
 "Get thee behind me Satan" is my name
 Among the brotherhood!—With the ungodly,
 Picklepride! Hum! ha, hum!
Micah. I've heard of you!
 His presence is more goodly than report
 Did warrant. A very Saul!

*Enter PICKLEPRIDE, greatly alarmed, a prisoner with
 Soldiers.*

Pick. Oh dear! dear, dear! It *may* go off! I'm only a
 tailor! Keep the muzzle of your gun off one!—Do, now, do!
Micah. Who art thou?—What dost thou here?
Pick. O for a drink of Pant water! Oh! oh!
Micah. Loose him!
Pick. And let me go! (*pants and recovers*) Get thee
 behind me Satan is my name, and Picklepride is my station;—
 No! no, that's my unregenerate name,—I was a tailor then!
 I'm a preacher now!—The sisters love me!
Rapier. Thou deboshed Ananias!—Hear him!
Pick. Why surely you don't mean to say I'm not, good man?
 O dear, dear! I scarcely know what I am!—I give in.
Rapier. Scourge him and let him loose! Art thou not
 ashamed to serve the devil! Get to thy knees!—*Fast!* fast,
 man! fast.
Pick. Oh! oh, I can't!
Soldiers. Verily there is a wolf here!
Micah. I much doubt this man—this Saul!
Soldiers. Were it not well that trial should be made.

Micah. The thought is good! We'd hear a word of exhortation. Friend, (*to Rapier*) as thy garb favours thee—proceed!

Rapier. (aside) By the immortal jingo! I must extemporise. Egad! this is the comicallest scene of all in my eventful life: I'll tip 'em a bit of morality. My brethren, I will do my humble endeavour to edify ye. Shall I deliver on profane swearing, fornication, lying, slander, cozening, drunkenness, or—or—or on the duties of the married state?

Micah. A strange selection! Brother, I being about to enter on that state, speak of its blessed condition!

Rapier. Hum! (*mounts a bank, coughs and hums loudly*) Husbands, love your wives! You all know what a wife is? Well, then to proceed—There be divers sorts of wives!—Some wives their husbands can't help loving—gentle, pretty, little doves! O rejoice, my brethren, and be glad if ye have such! (*soldiers look foolish*) If such a dove be yours, or yours, be very tender to her! What is she like?—O! she's like Deborah! Hum! ha!—that is, she's like,—why you all know what she's like!—I see by your sparkling eyes you understand me! Lucky dogs! hum! ha!—That is favoured vessels are ye an ye get her! hum!—Bright days and tranquil nights will be yours!—Hum! ha! Now contrariwise there be wives the devil himself couldn't love! Sour, suspicious, lying, deceitful, wilcats! (*to a soldier*) Thy face is scratched, my brother. Hum! they are damnable—hum! that is to be avoided. Nevertheless, duty! my friends, duty! you know, duty! Ye must love them, bear with them, correct them, and improve them, if ye can—hum!—I insist not ye shall kiss them! That is the reward of obedience—of obedience! I say, obedience! Hum! Peradventure you say, “What if she serves up her cold looks with our cold meat—sour taunts with our vinegar—peppery reproaches with our mustard—and the rod of provocation with our pickles.” “What” you say, “if she robs us of our natural rest with her curtain lectures, and proves the fragility of our crockery on the hardness of our heads—if she dashes the hot soup, in a heat, at our faces—beplasters us with rotten eggs—scratches our eyes out, with flames in her own—splits the drums of our ears—scolds us at cockerow—worries us at breakfast—in a word, torments us like a tarantula morn, noon, and night—a blister, a tornado, a volcano, and a wild cat. Hell and the devil!” you say, “are we to love and live with such a wife as that?”—Yea, verily, and you'll get your desert.

[*Leaps down and knocks over Picklepride, who has been hiding in a bush, and gradually returning, until in an ecstasy of admiration he snatches a Soldier's cap and tosses it in the air shouting Hurrah!*]

Micah. His speech bewrayeth him ! Seize him ! he is a spy !
Upon him !

Rapier. (aside) Egad, I was going on swimmingly and putting my foot in it too. There's nothing now but heels for it. Brethren, be the provocation what it may, knock her not down !
Ha ! ha ! ha !

[*Knocks down the guard and escapes.—REUBEN entering aids him as if unintentionally, they exchange friendly glances, Reuben points to a path.*

Reuben. Seize him, cowards, seize him !—Away ! spare him not ! This way ! this way ! [Confusion,—*exeunt omnes.*

END OF ACT I.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—Near *Butterby*, the banks of the *Wear* by
Moonlight.

Enter LOVEJOY.

Lovejoy. How tangled was the path!—Too like my life's!
How drear a state is his who fights 'gainst that
He largely honours—youth's hot blood being cooled!
I cannot say for love of Charles I fought:
His old world claim of right divine to rule,
That worn out fraud I laughed at—never honoured!
The nation's chief I fought for, bled—had died!
A kindly man he was; a princely knight
Of a worn out race, that should have been a priest;
A mitred bishop—metropolitan,
He had been honoured—died in scantity—
Blessed by the poor, his bedesmen and his friends!
But he was weak who needed strength peculiar:—
And would seem strong that crime and soil of kings!—
Provoking peril—honour's test and foe.
He should be strong who'd strangle liberty
That never dies—but droops to bound again,
Tossing its proud head in immortal scorn!
I loved my country!
For her I feared! for anarchy, for rapine,
For the desolation threatened by the rush
Of desperate men, by tyranny hemmed in,
Goaded and torn! For this I left thee, Mary!
For this, against Sir Arthur's will and aims,
I took the field! And now it glads my heart,
Never in fight crossed we each other's steel.
An orphan—parentage unknown—my rank—
The badge of a dependent squire—my will,
Without my will, another's,—a mere slave!
How far this moved me know I not—nor reck;
But it was glorious in the blinding whirl
Of the crashing fight, to snatch from the teeth
Of frowning death, the glist'ning coronal
Of fame! And yet, my foes, they were my brothers!
Small triumph there;—brief joy indeed! But cease!
The time draws nigh when my beloved should come!
O years of absence, peril, strife—all's past!—
She comes! With what simplicity and grace!

Love cannot conquer her!—She is love's queen!
 But O most tender! She will chide—I know
 She will! Chide on, my Mary! 'Tis music,
 Such sweet music, I'd die list'ning!

Enter MARY. LOVEJOY embraces her.

Mary! dear Mary! how this wearied heart
 Thy presence joyful owns! When death comes, sweet,
 'Twill have few terrors if but thou art by!
 Cold greeting this, Mary! Long absent love
 Hath life in't, though subdued—leaps forth luxuriant
 To the sun, and in a moment flowers. Lady,
 Have I lost your love?

Mary. (aside) Peace—peace! my trembling heart!

Lovejoy. Speak, Mary!

Mary. I trust you are well, Harry!

Lovejoy. Trust I am well!—A lover would have known it,
 Felt it, ere she saw!—Trust!

Mary. I cannot, Harry,
 Bandy angry words with you, nor feign a joy
 I may not feel. O hear me!—I lov'd you—
 Well you know it!—Love you still—most dearly!
 None other ever so! But Harry—Harry!
 Shall not a woman do the right because
 Her selfish heart is adverse to its claims?
 Has not a woman call to be a patriot,
 To love the land protects her, to be valiant
 For the faith she lives by, when 'tis perilled?
 Harry, I think so! Such opposites as we
 Love cannot mate. Harry—my brother still!
 'Twere best for us to part—yea, part for ever!
 Love the right, dear Harry!

[*Droops her head.*

Lovejoy. (aside) [Silent, holding her hand for awhile, then
 bursts away.

Pride—pride! false pride!
 There's not a tangible bar between us,
 Yet mountains were less hind'rance!
 Her pure brave heart directs her right, and I,
 Why I—proud fool—am all enmeshed—a lie!
 She's steadfast as she's true. I—I've lost her!
 Why did I leave her!—Fool—fool! weak fool!

Mary. [Overhears, and fancies she has been addressed.

Harry! it may be so! I will not wrangle!
 But ere we part, believe—I pray believe—
 I lov'd you truly—indeed I do, Harry—
 And I will!

Lovejoy. A nameless—landless gentleman,
I am no mate for the Baronet's ward,
The heiress of broad lands!—Ha! ha! 'tis well!
'Tis a brave world, Mary! a brave world!

Mary. (*shrinks, is agitated, and then recovering, with severe dignity exclaims*) Harry! I ne'er thought meanly of you
Until now! The deadly pang of parting
You have spared me! Farewell—for ever, sir!
May nobler thoughts inspire you! [*Exit.*

Lovejoy. [*Gazes in amazement.*
She's gone!—she's gone!—she's gone, and I deserve it.
That is an ancient servant!—Fool—vile fool!
The levity of woman—talk of that!
Why, man's a weathercock; she true as steel,—
More brave, more true, more great!—There's not a truth
Throbs her dear heart, but mine doth beat responsive.
What *she* seeks, *I* seek! O pride!—thou angel snare,
Whose pit is hell! Pride—pride, thou hast undone me!

Enter LABOURER.

Lab. Haste! haste! O haste, sir, to my shelt'ring hut!
The search grows perilous!—They leave no spot
Of ground unsearched! There's malice in it!—Death!
What can have moved the red-nosed Noll, I know not;
But blood must follow this, for sure. Haste! haste!

Lovejoy. O bestial slave! Why, I could smite thee now!
The bravest heart in all the land—the lion
Of the noblest tribe—the man majestic—
Kinglier than kings—the pride and boast of centuries
To come—the great Englishman! Tut—tut—tut!
I will go with thee!

Lab. Haste! haste, sir, haste!

Lovejoy. Haste!
Knowest thou where death opes a Vesuvian maw!
O shew me that, and I will rush into it!
'Twill drive me mad!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Inn, the "Tempest Arms," Market Place, Durham.*

CITIZENS, *drinking and smoking.*

All. Silence for a song! a song!

JACK BROWN *sings.*

Brave Durham town, with her renown,
What city can compare!
Her Abbey grand—her goodly land,
And gardens in the air.

Her men are tall, and good men all,—
 Her maids are rosy fair!
 Through all the land, I now demand,
 Where such fair maidens are?
 CHORUS:—Her men are tall, &c.

For mustard brown, our ancient town,
 Is famed the wide world o'er;
 And shady grots, and fairy spots,
 Where scholars gather lore!
 Saint Cuthbert's ground—the castell'd mound,
 The ancient city's space,
 The Wear sweeps by melodiously,
 The girdle and the grace.
 Saint Cuthbert's, &c.

By iron, lead, and rich coal bed,
 By orchards, and by bowers;
 Through woods she goes—by cliffs she flows—
 By palaces and towers!
 The prayer-bell calls, beneath the walls
 She list'ning floweth pale;
 By hermit cell, and holy well,
 And Finchale in the dale.
 The prayer-bell, &c.

Saint Cuthbert's fame—Bede's honoured name,
 To Durham are allied;
 The Neville's call, and Scotia's fall
 Before King Edward's bride.
 I do not lie, but I defy
 The world, and this rely on,
 Go where you will, you must say still
 That Durham only's Zion.
 I do not lie, &c.

Host. Hum! axing your pardon, I objects consecutively to the conglomeration of concatenated congruity of that there. You says—says you—Durham's a town; now I says it isn't a town! Why? wherefore?—As cause it's a city! Well then, you says—says you—incontinently, in your poetical poetry, it's a city—which it is! now are you going for to pronounce, and declare, and affirm that Durham's a town and a city, or a city and a town; or only a town, when it's a city;—which is which? and why mix 'em?—It's bad mixing liquors,—why mix towns and cities?—none but a poetical quaver, as is always a fool, would try; they won't mix! Now I, as has got common sense, sticks up for the city!—Han't we had bishops, and charters, and members of parliament? hum?—Why then, therefore, it's a city! Where would the freemen be, and the mopuses, at the 'lections, if it weren't a city? Of course it's a city! I likes people as sticks up for their rights! Though I isn't a puritan—I's a patriot!

Jack Brown. Why it's a very passable song, and one must humour the rhyme; it's bad rhyming to city.

Host. It's worse mixing on 'em,—the more's the pity! Besides nobody knows anything of the mustard out o' the county—more fools they!—

Jack Brown. Well, well, host! how are you going on with your sporting?—By the way, that was mighty good birdlime your son Jack was playing tricks with t'other day!

Host. I calculate it had as much adhesive clagging stickiness about it as ever birdlime had, or ever will have!—Why, bless you—would you believe it?—you know I hates lying—well, last Saturday night Jack and me laid it on thick, mind ye, on every branch of a hundred year old tree, one of the biggest hereabouts, ugh!—Now mark—would you believe it? on Sunday the tree was gone, root, branch, and all!—clean gone! and all the hear-tell, and the information, and the news I could get on't was just this, a flock of rooks had settled on't first thing in the morning; and now look here, as the lime was too strong for the birds, and they couldn't get away from the tree, consequently, of course, whir! whiz! off they went like a lot of kites, with the tree at their tails,—very odd, wasn't it?—but it's philosophy!

Jack Brown. Very!—Where was it?

Host. Where? why top of Maiden Castle Wood.

Enter PICKLEPRIDE.

Pick. Hang, drown, baste, stitch that wood!—Hang the Puritans, I'm done with 'em!—how they've abused me! Henceforth I'm only a tailor!—Farewell, as Shakspeare says, to the gown and bands and unpricked hands, the goggling, the grunting, the sneaking, the snorting, and exhorting; no more gallivanting of old maids—the young ones for me now; no more kisses on the sly—all above board now. Hurrah! “Get thee behind me Satan” is defunct, after a short and interesting life of six weeks; and Timothy Picklepride, tailor to the Commonwealth and the Mayor and Corporation, stands before you,—your real city born orator!—Hear! hear! But there's the devil to pay at Houghall! Old Noll's come!

All. Aye! what's it all about?

Pick. When civility only costs a tankard, you might have asked a native gentleman to drink! One can't pipe one's whistle till one's moistened one's clay! (*drinks*) ugh! verily the potion is medicable, I mean it *isn't* sour. (*aside*) Lie number one. Well, it seems Charlie over the water's suspected of being concealed hercabouts among the old families, and Old Noll's down upon him. Two cavaliers, one of them a terrible plotter, have been seen near Houghall; well, the terrible one has had a tussle with Oliver's Ironsides, and the firelocks are after the lovelocks hot

hunt; and any one that catches Charlie, why they'll pension him and feed him till he bursts. Lord help poor Charlie and the lovelocks with Oliver's men!—What shooters they are!

Jack Brown. With the long bow, eh? here's as good a hand at that as yourself,—no offence; why he has birdlime so strong that a flock of rooks that got fast in it flew away with the tree.

Pick. Of a verity they did! I saw it, yea verily, with these eyes I saw it done; and lo! as they were flying over Boldon church, the rector thereof—experimenting with a loadstone—drew, by the attraction of the ironstone at its roots, the tree down to the steeple, where it's to be seen to this hour, growing down branches over the rector's pulpit, and making a shady harbour of the squire's pew.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter RAPIER.

Rapier. Ha! ha! perfectly true! the branches have grown under cover to such a strength that they have absolutely lifted the chancel off its foundation; egad it's the comicallest sight to see it swaying up and down to the tune of the Old Hundred when the organ plays! they daren't attempt quick measure! Ha! ha! merry boys! Hilloh! I should know *you*, sir!

Pick. Let's *begin* our acquaintance *now*!—I've dropped the black cloth, and taken to all sorts. I'm a jolly tailor!

Rapier. Honest! eh? well, I believe you! Host, a stoup of Canary! Now Pickle, a little *medicine* for the stomach! eh?

Pick. Pray now—don't! be merciful!

Rapier. Well! well, well!—Ha! who comes here?

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

Pick. The worshipful the Mayor and his Oyeses.

Rapier. I'm off—wait thou! [Exit.]

Enter MAYOR and SERGEANT.

Ser. Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Notice is hereby given,—It being reported divers spies and malignants infest the city; all persons knowingly harbouring the same, or failing to give information of their whereabouts to the Mayor of Durham, or the general of the district, shall be amerced in whatever fine shall be approved by the lawful authorities. Long live the Protector!

Mayor. Host, I am commanded to inspect all hostels in person, and seize all suspicious indwellers.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Host, & Sergeant.*]

Re-enter RAPIER.

Rapier. Picklepride—a labourer's dress!

Pick. Not to be had. Ha! what's that?—Why, as I live, the very thing!—That fellow's cloak whom I saw taken up on suspicion this morning! Sir, permit me to become your body servant, and endue your goodly limbs with their goodly garments!—A tailor's useful,—I won't—

[*Makes a nasal noise. Sees, and slyly picks up a packet dropped from the cloak.*]

Rapier. Ha! ha! well the knave may be useful. Now to escape—

And then for Houghall's moated walls to night;
Close whereunto, in a poor labourer's hut,
Lovejoy impatient waits! My visit here
Was worth the risk, for I but now have news
Of deep importance heard, that gives—I trust—
A mother to an orphan—lands to one
Landless—and sovereignty to love!

[*Exit.*]

Pick. Yes, and I have found something too!—I'd like to open it; but packets, like oysters, sometimes nip meddling fingers! I'll after him!

[*Exit.*]

Jack Brown. I say, what's Pickle after! Mum's the word and mum's the action! Fine fellow that cavalier! Another stoup before we part, and then—

All. A song, a song!

“A jolly, jolly friar, or fame is a liar!”

Enter Host.

Host. Hush! si-lence! a great man, a general at least, and Sir Arthur too! Hush! hush!

[*All pull wry faces and sing low and dismally*]

“A jolly jolly friar,” &c.,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the “Tempest Arms.”*

Enter CROMWELL and HAZELRIGGE.

Crom. It is a goodly city, Hazelrigge!
Indeed the Sion of the land! How brave
The castle's keep towers in the ambient air!
I thought of Babel! but this stands! How like
A great man's arm, a nation's king, it awes
And rules the city, shadowing great and small!
The Wear too—as doth Providence, that girds
A good man's path—flows round it, murmuring in
Its current—peace—green pastures—hopeful rest!

But what a temple is yon glorious pile!
Before I entered, my firm purpose was
To destroy a fox's den!—What admiration
Filled my heart when I beheld its columns—
Its arched expanse, where chaste simplicity
And massive strength spring up to beauty!
I do not wonder, for *I* felt, awhile
I felt, the very mood, that there be those
Whose souls are tuned to a religious awe
By the grandeur of its pitch!—An ark, indeed,
A noble ark! I could have worshipped too!
Did'st notice, Hazelrigge, the painted window
Orbed like a sun? Had I seen nothing else,
That sight had spared the dome! And when the organ
Poured forth at my command, that hurricane
Of heart-stirring sound, the mighty fane throughout
Then drooping, in low piteous strain, wailed on
As for some frowning power's august reply,
It moved me mightily! 'Twas as a storm
Of angels pleading for a soul; the cause
Ta'en up by plaintive cherubim, till all Heaven sighed,
And glory grew obscure through dimming tears!
You smile, mad Hazelrigge!

Haz. I know of one that would!

Crom. I make bad verses, but high thoughts haunt me
As well's my seraph secretary! Had he
Been here, how he had topped that storm!—Tut—tut!
I'm ashamed to think I should be moved so!
What of the citizens? affected well
Thinkest thou?—opposed?—or men who in a dream
All purposeless let the great world go by?

Haz. Many I fear are rather overawed than
Well persuaded!

Crom. I do not wonder—
Awe seems native here, and alien—enterprise!
I've thought, dost hear? the North lacks schools of the
Nobler sort—Colleges,—I've felt it long,
The refuge of all classic lore, as well's the throne!
Where i' the man, the lad's training is confirmed,
The ripe brain flooding light on the dull task.
It struck me in yon temple,—why not here,
Where fitness, yea in all particulars,
Is eminent,—as healthy site, and cloistered shades,
Where nature seems to dream to its own music!
I say it is the fittest place,—most central;
When leisure serves, I'll have enquiry made!
Ripe scholars please us well! Yes, we will see;

And future times may say, the Destroyer came
 Unto the natural Sion of the land,
 And paused, and spared, and showered down blessings of
 An immortal sort!—The thought is vanity,
 But it shall be! The act were noble, do it
 Who may,—most noble!

Haz. My lord! let us begone.
 If true, the information Reuben gave
 Is important—in the acting deadly;
 True I'm incredulous, yet would I see!

Crom. Plots! plots! plots!
 For ever plots! O it is sad—most sad!
 To be cut off from peace for the evermore
 Of life!—Sad! sad! 'Tis the foulest breathing!
 To charge down upon the embattled foe
 Has life in't;—but this is reeking pestilence,
 This lingering fever! And I, why I would make
 The name of Englishman—my proudest boast—
 More than e'er Roman's honoured! His round, bluff,
 Island face a surer shield than ever
 Roman bore! Well, well, to horse and home, dear friend!
 Wring not my hand so!—True! I have no home!
 No home!—there is rebellion there! But one,
 My Frances, loves her rough old father dearly!
 And Mary—that true heart, my niece, loves me!
 Meek pure brave soul! O Lovejoy, wer't but worthier!

Haz. Tush! tush! you've many friends!

Enter MICAH, with Dispatches.

Crom. Now Micah, careful,
 Trusty Micah,—a messenger of good?
 That's well! (*reads*) Ha! ha! Hazelrigge, from Mazarine

[*Exit Micah.*]

The boy king, he'd have him wed;—the shallow priest,
 To cozen me! No, no!—my youngest child—
 My flower that loves me; I'd see thee dead first!
 A woman's heart, and such an one,—yea such
 A heart the Lilies cannot mate! Dear, dear girl,
 Thy rough father would lay down his very state—
 The costliest fabric e'er ambition reared,
 A stone whereof there is not—no not one,
 But with tears and agony of heart was piled!
 Hazelrigge! heap yon huge Cathedral pile
 With molten pitch upon these aching bones
 If for a moment, in a moment's thought,
 I'd to ambition's lure—a princely line—
 Give up the richest pearl in all the land,

That untold dowry,—a pure, loving, trusting
Woman's hand unto a heartless court. And yet
It moves—to laughter, moves me! Ha! ha! ha!

Haz. Anon proud Spain may offer—humbly offer
Her Infanta to young Richard.

Crom. Cromwell!

'Tis a persuading name!

But Hazelrigge, it bears too high a heart,—
Too English, to sell a woman for a peace!

My politic lord, lord cardinal, thou'rt
A very fool, and think'st thee very wise!

Haz. (handing a paper he has read)

Your highness, a poor petition! 'Tis from
A broken man! Some war vessel of France
By some chicanery, albeit we're at peace,
Detains—having seized—his freighted argosy;
And Mazarin, heedles, lip or arm moves not
To his appeal! From his extremity he cries
To you for justice!

Crom. He shall have it!

This be my answer to the coz'ning cardinal:—
Blake shall have orders—seize argosies of France,
And sell them in the market, staying not
An hour! Then—satisfied the poor man's claim,
I'll send—with courtliest terms of salutation
And *counsel of dispatch*—the surplus to
The cardinal. As the Lord lives, I'll do it!
I am Protector!

No Englishman to come—whate'er beside
He think of me—shall say, the Protector
Of the Commonwealth forgot, or feared to right
The meanest man in England, on the proudest
Foe that lived!

Haz. Is there no danger here?

Crom. Danger!

What danger like the front of fear? This is
True policy!—Be sure of right, and suffer not
The wrong! Our island heart is more than arms—
Our resolute English will, than any craft!
The vigorous chief of Englishmen afraid!
Shame on that dastard head that is so!—Shame!
Beside the crafty fox hath eyes to see,
And he will hold me higher! Danger?—Fresh might!
What's this? More plots of pardon'd plotters?—Ha!
And Reuben leagued with them;—I'll wither them
Like a hot sun! And Reuben, look to it,—
Play not knaves' tricks on me; or if thou dost—

Not Haaman higher! Home! to your hall, sir, let us go!
I will not yield to foreign or domestic foe! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the "Tempest Arms."*

Enter PICKLEPRIDE.

Pick. Now, who can these great men be who have just entered the Inn and made the captain hide in the stable? He seemed to know one of them! I couldn't see his face, but I opine he's very like Sir Arthur—whew! can Old Noll be the other? I'd rather make an inventory of all I've cabbaged, or spoil the symmetry of my features, than be brought before Noll! How my courage comes and goes, like a woman's temper who hasn't a master! (*looks*) Yes, the packet's safe.

Enter DOLLY.

Dolly. (aside) I do believe it's that perjured wretch, that Timothy Picklepride! Canary?—Did you call? Canary, sir?

Pick. No, my nightingale, I wanted *you*! (*aside*) Jerkins and doublets! why it's Dolly!—I promised to marry her! I'll have a wife for every day of the week at this rate. It's my weakness—I can't help it!

Dolly. You base deceiver—you promise breaker!—Where's the half of the ring I gave you? O the sweet morsels—the tid bits—the flagons of ale I stole for you!—Yes, *stole* for that wretch! Didn't I buy you a mirror to remember me by, whenever you looked at your ugly features in it—you unsanctified tailor you?

Pick. (conceitedly) I wonder now whether this is to go on every day in the week? I believe if any one in a crowded street cried out "base deceiver," I would incontinently reply—

Dolly. O you base deceiver!

Pick. "Here I am!"

Dolly. I know you are! ar'nt you ashamed of yourself?

Pick. Dolly—my sister—I would give thee a word of exhortation!

Dolly. I won't be exhorted!—You are always exhorting all the pretty maids you meet!

Pick. Hum! but none so pretty as thee—admit that, Dolly!

Dolly. How should I know? But if a body is pretty, and the body she loves—

Pick. That's me!

Dolly. Hasn't the grace to see it—

Pick. That's *not* me!

Dolly. What's the use of being pretty? Pickle, won't you marry me, dear?—I'm a good hand at the needle, and I'd get you work!

Pick. I'm a gentleman's gentleman now, Dolly!

Dolly. What? do tell!—that fine gentleman that ki—

Pick. Kissed! O Dolly! Dolly! never talk of perjury again! Red cloth or black cloth the woman will run after it. *(aside)* The captain's like me—a pole to the needles—and sharp needles too the women are! O Dolly! Dolly!

Dolly. Well, if one's true love isn't true, and forgets one, and goes about courting all the forward brazened faced girls he meets, its—its—its very hard if a maid, that is good looking, as other folks see, can't let a gentleman that *has* eyes—

Pick. Kiss her! Cockatrice! *(aside)* That word staggers the women, and the captain will be here directly.

Dolly. I'm as good as you any day!

Pick. Cockatrice! Chamberwench, avaunt!

Dolly. O the wretch!—He's wickedder than ever! Sirrah, dare to call me bad names! I'll—I'll.—Give me back the half of the ring!—I'll never speak to you again!—I've lived these nine years in Durham, and was never called so before.

Pick. Eve of St. Nicholas—thou'rt undone! Begone thou cockatrice in petticoats—avaunt!

Dolly. You perjured villain, you want to be rid of me, do you?—I'll teach you, you viper—you bad, base, lying, perjured deceiver!

[Beats him,—he runs off.]

Enter RAPIER, who seizes DOLLY and kisses her.

Rapier. Nay, don't let the little charmer put itself into a passion; it shall have a husband—pretty little Dolly shall! Calm, eh?—Who came with Sir Arthur, Dolly, but uow?

Dolly. He's a stranger! He has a wart on his face! Some great man, I'm sure!

Rapier. Whew! Pickle! Pickle *(calls)* you rascal!

PICKLEPRIDE *peeps in.*

Pick. Whew! she's there still! *[Beckons to Rapier.]*

Dolly. Yes, he is a rascal—a perjured rascal!

Pick. If they are not admiring me, they're abusing me: now it takes some liking to do that! Abuse is admiration run to seed! Poor Dolly!

Rapier. (searching) Tut—tut!—I have forgotten—

Dolly. O la! sir, I'll run and fetch it. *[Exit, in haste.]*

Rapier. You serpent—you woman tempter! Off—off with me to the hall—to the hall! O Pickle! Pickle! *[Exit.]*

Pick. O captain! captain! Priscilla, my beautiful angel,
I come!

Re-enter DOLLY.

Dolly. What was it you lost, sir? O you villain!
[*Throws a stool after Pickle. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Chamber, Houghall.*

Enter RAPIER and DEBORAH.

Rapier. But Deborah—dear Deborah! I pray
Consider!

Deb. You're too familiar grown, sir!

Rapier. Familiar! (*aside*) Here's a fall from May to winter!
Riddle of riddles—that's a woman's will—
I can't unriddle thee—I can but wonder!
Sweet Deborah! you must admit my friend,
The colonel, was harsh sped! You never could
Have cast *me* off as he was cast adrift—

Deb. (aside) I'm sure I could not; still I'll plague you, sir!

Rapier. In such a strange cold fashion!

Deb. O captain! [Curtseys.]

You—you're such a rare and proper fellow—
The one epitome of all that's bright
And brave, and most attractive to poor maids!
Avoid all danger, Rapier—dread the fire—
Be careful of the flood—mount tamest steeds—
As a very pestilence, shun a weapon!
There's danger in all these! And you—O you're
Of priceless value!—a proper gallant you!
A colonel's lacquey!

Rapier. 'Sdeath madam, I am not!

Deb. I vow you are!

Rapier. I tell you, madam, I'm not!

Had a man said so, I'd eaten his heart!

Deb. Pray don't eat mine! You're angry captain—fie!
That brings on wrinkles—and good looks you've none
To spare!—It don't become you! Don't you think?—

Rapier. Think! think what, madam? (*aside*) It sticks in my
throat!

I'm no man's lacquey, and I will not be!
'Sdeath!

Deb. What won't you be? You're silly, Rapier,
I was about to ask a question!

Rapier. I am

No man's lacquey, madam!

Deb. Well, now I won't!

And yet, it was a pretty question that—

A question of true love!—I thought 'twould please you!

But you're bearish, and beside—tut, silly girl!

He knows not a word of true love's language!

Rapier. (smiling) Is't not English, Deborah?

Deb. O yes! be sure

Of it! You smile—what then? You would not say

You are familiar with't?

Rapier. I thought so once?

Deb. Thought so! for the future be more modest!
Love hath a language all its own!

Rapier. Its name?

Deb. O ignorant! 'tis English here!

Rapier. Well, I speak English!

Deb. Tut! silly Rapier—

Love's dialect is quite another language.

You learnt it not at school!

Rapier. Pray, can you speak it?

Deb. (aside) Does he mock me? O yes, but he must be
A proper man I speak it too!

Rapier. As I am?

Deb. Hum!

Rapier. Am I that man? Dear Deborah, answer me!

Deb. The pretty tongue! 'tis so harmonious tuned—
The bless'd ones sing it!

Rapier. Am I that man?

Deb. O! but to hear a lover eloquent,
Trill forth the words—a gallant gentleman!
How 'twould make one's heart thrill, and soft shames
Their buds burst through one's cheeks, and flutt'ring joy
Beam tremulous from one's eyes! The noble tongue!

Rapier. (aside) I'm all adrift!

Deb. A tongue that beauteous spirits—
Rosying their silver light—fold wing to hear!
The glorious tongue!

Rapier. Hum! I've heard it spoken!

Deb. By whom, sir, pray?

Rapier. By you, in yonder wood!

Deb. Leave me, sir—the colonel lacks you!
I spoken—indeed!

Rapier. 'Sdeath! madam, I'm not
His lacquey!

Deb. The language—do I speak it, sir?

Rapier. Speak! madam—you're a newer Sphinx! I vow

It is too bad! At my life's risk—I thought
You valued *that*—I hither came to do
My frenzied friend a service, much he needed.

Deb. (aside) His life! Had Reuben not assured me—sure
Of that, most sure—I could not so beplague him!

Rapier. I own my love made peril pleasant—I
Should see my Deborah! I came and lo
My welcome! You—you worry me—you'll not
Be reasoned with!

Deb. Ha! ha! reason with a woman!

Rapier. Ha! ha! I perceive the absurdity!

Deb. What think you now's a lover's most persuasive course
With his lady love?

Rapier. Egad! if she's mulish
I know not any!

Deb. (looking archly up to him) Don't you, dear Rapier?

Rapier. No: not unless it be to kiss her! [*Kisses her.*]

Deb. Let's be friends, Rapier! I was—I own—to blame,
For Lovejoy—he's not worth your pains—I love him
Not a whit; he's not so honest as my *bear*!

Rapier. Why, are you mad?

Deb. Are you his lacquey, sir?

Rapier. Ha! ha! egad I'll kiss you, if you say so!
My friend's traduced—he is believe me—he's
The bravest, truest gentleman in England!

Deb. He's not! *(aside)* You are—you simple *bear*!

Rapier. He is indeed! and loves you for *my* sake,

Deb. Not for my own?—We're quits! He told you so—
Twirling his locks—his lacquey—you?

Rapier. No kiss

I'll give you! In very truth he is maligned!
Contrive I pray you—for my sake—opportunity
Where he may plead his cause in Mary's ears!

Deb. I will—and speedily—if possible *here*—
Now go! Have care—for my sake *bear*—hide well.

O Rapier, if my tongue were sharp, my heart
Was full of tend'rest love for thee! But Rapier,
Ne'er pretend to understand a woman;
There are depths in her of shallowest seeming,
She herself scarce fathoms—how should you?

Pray never try. Read her as May, and lo
She is November—but ever May in need!
All you ignorant men should do, is this—

Rapier. O tell me what?

Deb. Write love in boldest characters
Upon your heart, and let her read it there,
My ignorant Rapier!

Rapier. Had you but said—

Deb. The colonel's lacquey, mean you?

Rapier. Egad I'll kiss you!

Deb. Indeed you won't! Farewell! [*Runs off.*]

Rapier. She is the dearest girl—I shall not stagnate
When we're wed! If torment be my portion
My Deborah shall torment me; for O
Whose word—whose lightest look can thrill my whole heart
With joy, as hers does!

Re-enter DEBORAH.

Deb. I had forgot (*fingering his dress*) tush!—
All awry!—Pray what's o'clock?

Rapier. Why Deborah? [*Aside.*]
What's i' the wind now?

Deb. Rapier—did—did—

Rapier. Indeed I did—I loved thee long ago!

Deb. No—no, not that! (*aside*) Impertinent, he triumphs.

Rapier. What was it brought my Moss Rose back?
[*He whispers tenderly in her ear.*]

Deb. O nothing!

[*He kisses her, and she hides her face in his bosom.*]

Rapier. Well?

Deb. (*in a broken voice*) Did—did you ever love
Any—any other woman?

Rapier. Ha! ha!
So then 'twas this that brought my Moss Rose back!

Deb. (*aside*) Oh! insupportable—most foolish girl!
I scorn you Rapier—sir, you know I do!

Rapier. Love's language now!—Do the French speak it?

Deb. Sir,
They are gallant gentlemen!

Rapier. I'll have
A dun coloured suit!

Deb. At your peril, Rapier!

Rapier. Ha! ha! Is that love's colour?

[*Pointing to Deborah's gayer garments.*]
Deb. I never did, sir!

The colour did mislike me long ago!
It was not love did make me change the colour!

I could beat you now—unsay it, Rapier! [*Passionately.*]

Rapier. I did not say so! I've ta'en a lesson
In modesty, and I am apt!

Deb. You did, sir—
With your eyes you said it!

Rapier. And have I changed
In naught for thee, my star i' the troubled gloom,

Whose atmosphere is heaven—my hope—the plume
 Of my pride—my love—my trust—my comrade
 All through life, straight on to the grave's brink—my wife—
 My Deborah—my sweet Moss Rose!

*[As he warms he embraces her, and she, momentarily relenting,
 at last fastens her arms around him, and is led out
 laughing and sobbing.]*

The Colonel, Deborah, speed his wishes!
 What do I owe to Reuben's manly heart
 For this dear moment?

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Before the Hall.*

Enter REUBEN.

Reuben. Will they not come? My messenger was true!
 I heard of one was seized! Why there—no—no!
 O 'tis the curse of such as I to doubt—
 To suffer pangs more keen than we'd inflict!
 Cromwell—my hate to thee withers my heart!
 My dreams are crimson'd with thy hated blood;
 I wake in trust I have thee by the throat—
 And ne'er shall sleep in quiet more, till one
 Of us be dead! Oh! an they fail me not,
 How will I spurn him off! My falchion flashing
 In his ghastly eyes, I'll hiss in his shrinking ear
 "You did not well, my Lord Protector, when
 You trod on me!" Two messengers—sure one
 Would reach the goal—Will they not come?

[Walks impatiently.]

A fly may plague an elephant—and I,
 Poor sergeant, I have plagued this Oliver!
 The quiet he sought here, and healing rest,
 I have destroyed; and plots instead outbuz
 The murmurs of the place! No rest for him!
 Then these young fools, they've scaled my tale as true—
 Well nigh indeed persuaded me the Prince
 Was nigh, by their approach: for Mary's sake,
 To win some favour from her—I've seem'd blind
 To their concealment—nay, have favoured them,
 When I can woo their time is short indeed!

Enter MICAH.

Well, corporal!

Micah. His highness is approaching!

Reuben. Look to the drawbridge, it fall easily!—
 There's been complaint—look to it! *(aside)* That man's my foe.

Micah. I will! (*aside*) Satan's been busy with thee, Reuben.—Thou'rt a knave; mistrust and treachery in thy looks! [*Exit.*

Reuben. Will they not come? O such a chance returns not! I'll do it myself! Curse on this coward fear—I dare not! Let's see—ha! that were masterly—Set on one foe to rid you of another, And thus perchance slay both!—The means—the means! I fear this Lovejoy—he's of resolute will And fiery wrath! Day by day live I in fear Lest Mary, in his ears let fall my hints, For I have soiled his honour in her eyes, Debauched and heartless pictured him—not once But many times—as not *he* was, but *such* Were his familiar *friends*, and they were *dear* Unto him—past all chaste love's endurance! He's tainted in her mind—she'll not believe And yet it sticks—and in this mood she met Him yesternight, and cast him off! The breach I'll widen—slander—then incense him more Who's mad already! Will it not come, Oliver, My slow revenge! Then Mary—how I love her? A gentle nay will not suffice me—no, She shall be mine! I'll off to Lovejoy straight!

Enter CROMWELL and HAZELRIGGE.

Crom. Thou keepest careful watch, good Reuben; What news—ha? none! Watch well to night—dost hear? Promotion Reuben comes swift 'hind desert I' the Commonwealth! (*aside*) A steadier eye than that, A loftier port, would please me better, sir. A brave man, Arthur, and a *true*!—Good night, And pleasant guard, good sergeant! Come, Arthur!

[*Pats his shoulder and eyes him keenly throughout the Speech.* *Exeunt Cromwell and Sir Arthur.*

Reuben. I hate him worst of all when he speaks so! He spurned me with his foot. Hell's curses on him! Spurned one of a race his breed were serfs to! Forsooth because a whining woman squalled—Whose bed I'd widowed and would fill—worse chance I slew her lord, my cousin! She knew not on't! The fool—stood 'twixt my desperate fortunes, And broad lands he'd nigh for plotting forfeited Through me, whom he'd supplanted with his bride. I wooing meekly—on his death—was spurned; “She loved me not,” she cried, “she could not love me!” In fine I essayed force—was foiled—and she

To Cromwell fled, for succour, and for justice;
 I being on that side thought my game sure—
 Fool, fool! “Ho, ho!” he cried, “com’st thou for justice?
 As the Lord lives thou shalt have it! Ho, there,
 Lash the dog, howling forth,” I’m all on fire
 To think on’t! It was done—I was disgraced!
 My *fangs* were left me still! He’d seen me once,
 But *once*—I waited—watched—and joined his troops—
 Coiled round him—fawned—grew trusted—and became
 His honest sergeant, Reuben! My past state
 And ’haviour all put by in deep disguise!
 I’ve plagued him with my plots—I have done that!
 The agueish fever, which I fan ere long,
 Would kill him! His *honest* Reuben—ha! ha!
 This Lovejoy, how he minds me.—Tut, the lad died!
 And yet, how like.—He’d rob me of the lands
 And lordship promised me on Oliver’s death!
 Those papers at the hall—I saw the name—
 I’ll read them! Why braver still if he’s the heir,—
 My rival—*he’s* the man!—Arch policy!
 The very man to do the deed—*they* failing me!
 I’ll to him straight, and with impassioned words
 Of strongest motive, turn his hate on Cromwell;
 I will—even if I tell my crimes, charging
 Them all on Oliver! ’Tis vain to wait—
 They will not come! Ho! Who goes there? What ho!
 I’m dogged!—I’ll crop you! Ho! there, Spy!
 [*Rushes out with drawn sword.*]

Enter MICAH.

Micah. Reuben, thou playest a double game—that’s bad!
 What you intend, I know not: this I know,
 I’ll watch you! If you’re caught, you fall, and I
 May get your place;—at worst I’ve done my duty!
 See how he glares! Out sword, or he may slay me!

Enter REUBEN, *they fight.*

Reuben. Nay, have at thee then—dog me? What, Micah?
 Micah, is’t thou, good friend?—My blood’s distempered!
 I’ll go and by the crisping Wear draw quiet
 From the reflected moon;—that ever sooth’s me!
 Keep watch, and speak not on’t, good corporal! [*Exit.*]
Micah. Thine is no moon’s madness—thy conscience is
 Thy worm already. I’ll watch thee, thou’rt *his* foe
 ’Gainst whom, ten thousand hearts would ward a blow!

SCENE VII.—*Banks of the Wear.**Enter LOVEJOY.*

Lovejoy. O who would suffer love ? With constant heart,
 Or an inconstant wait ? Reveal his strength,
 To lose it by his folly ! Paint bravest pictures—
 Hours seraphic—Hope, fear, despair, and hope—
 Tossed to and fro all rudderless at sea !
 She could not give the heart that loved her
 As its life, so easily up for mere cold duty !
 When was it ever so of woman known ?
 An abstract duty 'gainst a living love !
 I'll not believe it ; I'm slandered to her,
 Perchance beduped—my place usurped—her love—
 Her duty given to another !

Enter REUBEN.

Ha, Reuben ! tell me man, what news ! Hast heard
 Of any gallant haunts the hall ?—of noble port
 Or she'd not love !—Hast heard of broken vows,
 Of woman's frailty, of nuptials godless
 And accursed, about to be ? Speak out, man,
 If it break my heart, speak out !

Reuben. You think too much
 Of this ! (*aside*) How like his mother ! He's *her* son !
 Those papers at the hall not more convince me !

Lovejoy. Speak out man !—Is there any ?

Reuben. My duty
 To his highness—

Lovejoy. Cromwell ! what is't to him ?

Reuben. O much it doth concern him ! You're landless—
 So you think—and so indeed you are ; but so
 You should *not* be ! You are amazed ! Hist—hist !
 He has received large income from your lands,
 And Mary is his niece. The hand red with
 Your father's blood 'twould scarcely fit to join ye !

Lovejoy. “Red with my father's blood”—“niece”—“Mary”
 —“join ye !”

What is't you mean ?

Reuben. Poor lad ! my interest in thee
 Will undo me ! Should the Protector hear,
 What den is there where I could hide to shun
 His claws—his fiery wrath ? And yet I love thee !
 Listen ! draw near and I will tell thee news
 Most horrible to thine ears ! Who art thou ?

Lovejoy. I know not, save my name ! Yet have I heard
 Of wrongs, in dubious hints and looks conveyed.

Reuben. A scion of a noble house—the grandson
Of a lord—your sire, a younger son made rich
By a wealthier bride of homelier birth! Now,
Hearken: In Huntingdonshire dwelt Oliver,
Where *she* dwelt; he paid her court—I know it!
She did not love *him*, and did love your sire,
And married him, and you were born—

Lovejoy. Be brief!

Reuben. You were a puny heir; your mother too
Was sickly; Sir Arthur, of your distant kin,
Took pity on you, and brought you here, a child!
There was a day—a day of horror, and
Of woe! Your father in a copse close by,
Lay cold and stiff—a rapier through his heart!
Who did the deed? Harry—I tell thee truth—
'Twas Cromwell! I saw myself th' initials
Of his name upon the rapier's hilt; I knew
The deadly weapon his; I early saw him nigh
The very spot, that morn! You chance have heard
He shews me favour! Think you why he does so?

Lovejoy. 'Tis monstrous—past belief!

Reuben. Look here! Thou'st seen
I' the hall—but this will serve—thou see'st this ring!

Lovejoy. What then?

Reuben. Whose name is on't?

Lovejoy. Three letters—

O. C., H., a shield, three crescents, and a bar.

Reuben. And spoken out—what then?

Lovejoy. Oliver Cromwell,
Huntingdon. His very arms! What follows?

Reuben. See you this spot?—'Tis blood!

Lovejoy. But not my father's?

Reuben. Ah! whose blood else? It is, it is, poor boy!
I found the ring at your dead father's feet!
I sought out Oliver; he threatened—promised—
And I being poor—persuaded me to silence!
He promised me promotion—gave it too;
But now, being eminent, would slay me,
And with glozing words strives first to blind me!
Do you believe me?

Lovejoy. (*silent, looks round, then asks*) Where is my mother?

Reuben. (*aside*) Curses on him! Do not ask!

Lovejoy. Reuben! dost think
He hath played foul with her?

Reuben. I fear me much!

Lovejoy. Didst know her, Reuben?

Reuben. (*agitated*) Ask me not—by sight!

[*Reads.*

But is it meet, I say, that rank and power
Should cushion murder, and the great wrong doer
Pass unscathed? He slew your father; your mother
Injured—I say not—dare not—how; incensed
Sir Arthur 'gainst you; now is here to force
From her allegiance—Mary—your beloved;
For what?—To give her to a canting knave!

Lovejoy. The damned villain! and I honoured him!
He'd rob his victim's child of his heart's love—
Would he? But shall not vengeance overtake thee,
Lord Protector—ha? I'll slay him mid his
Very guards! Reuben, look at me!

Reuben. What now?

What mean you, do you doubt?

Lovejoy. I do! and yet
What motive?

Reuben. What possible? Will you believe
If from this vile Protector's lips you hear
Admission?

Lovejoy. O give me that!

Reuben. And then, you'll—

Lovejoy. I'll cleave him to the ground at once, and fling
I' the moat his carcase!

Reuben. Ha! ha! that's brave!
'Tis like your father's son! This very night!
Go! go! grow calm!

[*Exit Lovejoy, who wrings Reuben's hand, and dashes off.*

Thou easily duped fool,
How I despise thee! The work goes bravely on!
O fortune favour me, and grant this night
My foes the bloody sword in death may bite!

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT II.



ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter MARY, agitated. She paces the Stage.

Mary. 'Twas well—yes, yes, 'twas well to part from him!
Our paths *were* diverse! But, O! it was not well—
Could not be well, all unprepared, to tell
Him so! So cold, to snap a warm heart's link!
My Harry's ever was a loving heart—
A trusting heart—a generous heart—a heart
Where all grace dwelt and grew more gracious still!
'Twas brave to see him, his sympathetic hand
Pressing the hand despair made clammy—smiling
The dawn of hope! the pestilence recking naught.
So tender, true, so brave! Impetuous too!
Cold-blooded girl—I should have thought of that!
I was his sister still—though not of blood!
'Twas deadly so to part. Ever to part,
And all relation cease between us twain,
Nor God, nor man can ask it of me! Oh!
Oh, oh! (*wrings her hands*) 'tis very, very sad!
And this, (*a token*) and this, he gave me! This was his!

Enter Priscilla.

Pris. Did you call me, lady? I am here!

Mary. I did not call thee child; I prithee leave me!

Pris. I will obey you, madam! (*aside*) alas! she weeps.

[*Exit.*]

Mary. I'd built such castles—been so proud of him—
So fondly on him dwelt, morn, noon, and night,
And not a night but bore a happier day,
Where he shone goodlier still! Not a trick
Of his impatient mood—no fiery gesture—
Speech abrupt—but I smiled chidingly upon
In these dear dreams—my only shade! An this
Were happy—outswelling joy—bright ecstasy
To dwell on properties of his—that lordliest
Blazed—where virtue's peers shone lordliest!
O! I do mourn the days can never come
Again! O! never, never more!
Who could corrupt my Harry's heart? Could I
But see him—monster—he that did the wrong,
I'd turn his heart to stone with pitying looks!

*My Harry—heart, or soul, of kin to them
Whom good men shun and simple worldlings hate—
A gambler; a betrayer too! No, no,
He is not all to blame! There be—I shame
To think it—such of my sex! Ha! Reuben!*

Enter REUBEN.

It is not true, sir; my Harry is maligned!

Reuben. I joy to hear you say so! You have proof?

Mary. That curling lip of yours, I do not like it;
A good man smiles at her that hopes—that hopes
In the highest hopes—'gainst priceless loss! Shame!
Shame on you!

Reuben. I never did so, lady.
Could you but see my heart!

Mary. I need not that;
But were they honest, *they* who said—no, no!
They lied—I'm sure of it!

Reuben. O think not of
A wretch so unworthy!

Mary. Of thee, or me? What is *thy* worthiness, Reuben?
Rank opposite to his, where he is worthy!
Slander him not, sir, slander him not!

Reuben. Lady!
Why speak thus to one who loves you?

CROMWELL appears behind.

Mary. (*astonished*) How? Love me!

Reuben. O! with a warmer love than
That young fool can love you! His weak
Shallow brain could ne'er conceive how glorious
And divine your beauty is! How all within
Exceeds the ripening excellence of your form!
Love you! You are my sun—I worship you!
My love! O 'tis a hot fire—a burning
Evermore—a fevered joy, that seems, yet
Is not! Look on me, Mary, in pity look! [*Falls at her feet.*

Mary. He is my Harry still! I see it all!
Back! back! (*waves him back*) yet further, sir! back, further still!
[*Imperiously. A pause.*

Reuben! what punishment does he deserve—
Who wounds two hearts that love, in slandering one?
Away, sir, you are that man! Away, sir!
That coward slave are you! Away! away!

[*Forgetting him. In a deep fervent voice.*
It is my joy!—It is my joy!—It is
My joy! I never said it in *his* ears!

My joy! Had he so tainted *me*, I'd died!
Go, Reuben, man, do better—go! Thy own heart
Chide thee! Go!

[Exit.]

Crom. (*at the back*) My glorious Lily!

Reuben. Foiled! in a moment foiled! Baffled and cowed
And beaten by a girl! I hate thee with
The hatred of the damned! O I must
Hurry on!

[Exit.]

*CROMWELL beckons on MICAH, and comes down the
Stage with him.*

Crom. Reuben, you say's in league with them, and
Followed me to Durham? This Picklepride
Is but a shallow knave. He's here? I'll see him!
They're not confederate—they are deceived!
I've seen a face like his—but younger—years
Gone by. There was a rascal, sir, I scourged
Who was suspect of murder! 'Tis very like.
Haunt, like blood conscience, Micah—haunt his steps!
Report thou swift to me, as thou shalt know!
Go, Micah! *Thou* art honest.

[Exit.]

At least in this, there'll be a vacant place!
My glorious Lily—my most noble Mary—
With thine, runs my belief—to thee—to me
They're slandered! Young Charles was never nigh me!
Nay but there's peril still; this dog has sped
A messenger unto the South—where lurks
Most prompt and desperate treason. I must look
To it!

Re-enter MICAH.

Micah. Your highness, he has passed the moat,
And sped to the hut I spake of by the Wear.

Crom. Shew thou a careless guard, nor seem to dream
Of treason! Familiar, playful, courteous be
Unto him, on his return.

Micah. Your highness,
Methinks I could deceive the devil!

[Exit.]

Crom. Ho! ho!
Are you there? I'll look to you!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*An Ante-chamber, Houghall.*

PICKLEPRIDE, waiting.

Pick. Priscilla! Priscilla! my marigold! Priscilla! Why
where is she? O! I do like the sound of a woman's voice, and
the sight of a pretty darling's face! Whew! O! miserable

Pickle, here's a pickle! The sour, old, crusty, fusty Dorcas! I'll hide. She wants to marry me! [*Conceals himself.*]

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. Where is that reprobate gone? Of a surety he promised that we twain should become one flesh. O Picklepride! (*he groans*) I'd be a mother to your youth, (*groans*) yet you will run after these forward baggages—mere children. Heigho! Can't they wait till their betters are served? Ah! there's no house-keeping like one's own house-keeping; and we poor women haven't half so much pleasure in scolding, as when we're scolding our lords and masters! O Pickle! Pickle—lost one! Priscilla, I say! (*calls*) Old maids pickles are very sour pickles! Heigho! Could I but find him, I'd ask his highness to hear him preach! O Pickle, Pickle! [*Exit.*]

Pick. She'd be a mother to my youth—that won't do for the young Pickles, I fear! My retrograde whinflower, I'm sorry for you! I am a lost one—I'm Priscilla's now! I do like Priscilla! She knows the way to a man's heart! Before I've done kissing her, "Pickle," she says "Pickle, dear, are you hungry?" and before I've done saying "No, dear, how can I be carnally hungry when I'm devouring your good looks?" the benevolent angel has spread the choicest morsels before me. She's the most sensible woman I know! Let the worst come to the worst, I've this bright picture before me—I think I see myself now, with half a dozen or so young Pickles—I'll have 'em boys and girls, and then they'll be *mixed* Pickles—about me while plying my needle and thread, and Priscilla poking the fire clear to cook at once my dinner and my goose!—Where is she? I'm hungry!

Enter PRISCILLA.

My duck, my darling, and green pease! (*embraces her*) That is—my dear Priscilla! Oh, Oh! (*groans.*)

Pris. Ha! art thou ill, my Pickle?

Pick. Hum! You don't know—

Pris. An empty stomach Poor man! Well, see now, Pickle, what I have got in my pocket! [*Gives him some pasty.*]

Pick. Is it a pigeon pie, my dove?

Pris. No: it's a pasty!

Pick. What's in the other pocket, duck?

Pris. O I'll go and ask Mrs. Dorcas for a tankard of ale!

Pick. Hail, rain, and thunder, my darling, don't!

Dorcas (without, calls) Priscilla!

Pris. Verily I must leave thee, Pickle. (*aside*) That tantalizing Mrs. Dorcas; and I shouldn't wonder if he meant to

ask me if I would incontinently become Mrs. Picklepride!
(*Dorcas calls again.*) Farewell, Pickle, I must go!

Pick. Now, how long am I to wait here of his highness?
Pity Micah caught me!—Yet I'm well used! O here's the
packet! I'm not curious, but I'd like to see the contents!—
What harm is there? (*opens it and reads*) Hollo! what's this?
Murder! treason! culverins and kettle-drums! What's this?

[*Drops the packet.*]

Enter CROMWELL.

Crom. Pick up the paper, sirrah! give it me! [*Reads.*
"My second messenger!"

Ha! "On the moment's spur, six resolute troopers

Send to Houghall! The way is clear—all safe—

And Cromwell dead, the king will have his own.

Be sure they're men of proof—untouched with fear!

We shall surprise him!" Signed, "REUBEN."

Nay verily, Reuben, thou shalt not! A scheme

Against my life! His treachery is manifest!

Ho! Micah!

Enter MICAH.

[*Cromwell whispers Micah. Exit Micah.*]

Do it instantly—search close! [*Looks at Picklepride.*

This is a simple fool and honest. 'Tis [*Aside.*

In fear; I'll frighten him!

Ho! ho! there's rogues i' the wood, and no man hangs them!

What says Eleazer to that—the Areopagite—

The man i' the moon—that makes calves faces

While the gaunt wolf howls, and the wild boar sucks?

Ho! ho! (*aside*) Ha! ha!

Pick. O dear! O dear! [*Falls on his knees, in terror.*

Crom. (aside) He makes me merry—'tis a comic knave!

What art?—a tailor?—Beware of cabbage!

Pick. Yes, your highness! Priscilla—

Crom. Who's she?

Pick. My wife that is to be, your highness!

Crom. What would'st thou with a wife?

Pick. O lud! your highness! They say a tailor's only the
fraction of a man; but that's because he's never happy till he's
got a wife, and nine or ten olive branches about him.

Crom. Can'st keep her?

Pick. I'll try, your highness!

Crom. That's well! Wilt be a soldier?

Pick. No, no! your highness' glory!

Crom. A coward! eh? I've many brave tailors in my troops!
Shame on thee!

Pick. I'll do better, your highness—I'll get married and grow soldiers! A tailor should never be a soldier! That's bad policy! Marry him and pension him if you like, your highness, but don't waste your capital!

Crom. Ha! ha!

Re-enter MICAH, with a paper, which CROMWELL reads.

Ha! ha! the Cardinal's spy too! Honest Reuben! [*Aside.*
Keep careful guard! Ne'er heed this fellow here!
He's honest—courts a maid!

Micah. A dozen, your highness!

Crom. What! Are we Turks, or heathen?

Pick. No, no: tailors, your highness!

Crom. Marry the latest!

Pick. That's Polly—no—Dolly—no—it's Priscilla!

Crom. Here's gold! Be married straight, and stick to your wife.

Pick. Like wax, your highness! What—what makes folk call you Noll, your highness?

Crom. The whip, sirrah, waits to answer you!

Ha! ha! An impudent knave! Come, Micah, come—
Return this paper—I'd have him confident! Come!

[*Exeunt Cromwell and Micah.*

Pick. He's a little brain-struck! To talk of hanging and sucking—the two extremes of our eventful lives! No, no! the Tyburners! What a fright he gave me! O! Priscilla!

Re-enter PRISCILLA.

Pris. Cheer up! here's such brave food and wine.

Pick. Sensible darling! You've taken the gauge of masculine humanity!—I'll kiss you for that! Look here, Prissy! look here! Gold! I'll buy you a ring; I'll—yes, you good girl—I'll—I'll marry you myself, Prissy, I will; and I'll call my first-born Oliver Cromwell Picklepride! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Near Butterby, by the Wear. A Hut in the Background.*

Enter LADY LOVEL and RAPIER.

Lady L. I knew his father, sir! His mother too
Was as a dear sister to my youth—You know,
Or you will live to know how strong that tie!
Believe me, sir, age feels itself *cast out*—
On joys—on blissful passages—on skies—
And pleasant spots, by a supernal sun
Made glorious and divine—looks lingering back,
As once did Eve on her lost Paradise,

In tender sorrow, and with wakeful ear,
 If thence some well-known grateful warbler come !
 O, sir, the boy ! I long to hear of him !
 It was but yesterday I saw him nigh !
My boy, I had thought dead ! All dead but he !

Rapier. Are you his mother ?—Lovejoy's ? O ! blest son !
 I had a mother, lady, whom I loved,
 Most dearly loved ! You bring her back to me,
 Whom more, on earth—O never more I'll see !
 Her features—they are your's ; but time had graved
 Less sternly on her gentle face—so gentle
 As 'twere grief to chide—and lit with radiance
 Most serenely bright—and yet of purpose strong !

Lady L. You loved your mother then, and honoured her ?

Rapier. No man on earth such reverence had from me.
 Such love I cannot give again !

Lady L. I love you
 For it, sir ; It is your honour ! I had
 A sister—such an one—fate parted us
 Alive ; but she, poor Marian, she's asleep !
 That sleep *I've* longed for—dreamless, unperturbed,
 And holy !

Rapier. Marian ! is't possible ? That was
 My mother's name.

Lady L. I would, dear sir, you'd prove
 My sister's son ! O ! sure she had been proud
 Of you ! Alas ! she wed, and was cast off.

Rapier. *This* is the bitter pang ! Nor love—nor praise—
 Nor any need can bring *her* back again !
 Well, well, of this, on opportunity,
 We'll speak again ! *Your son ?*

Lady L. My Harry !

Rapier. Dear lady, blush not at his praise ! I swear
 Since Eve no woman bore a goodlier son !
 Not Jonathan was lovelier to his friend !
 Thrice hath he saved my life—in battle twice—
 Once was I down, and many swords flash'd keen
 Before my eyes ; he distant saw, and with
 A bound—such as the lion makes—sprang over me,
 And with successive shout—successive slew
 My foes !

Lady L. Oh ! oh !

[*Shudders.*]

Rapier. When wounded nigh to death,
 He staunch'd my wounds, and from a hot pursuit
 Bore me away ! The Roundheads even gave him
 A shout of praise !

Lady L. His father's son ! My brave

Generous boy! (*aside*) Shame on me—sickly coward!
All dead but one—scarce knew my care!

Rapier. Again—for I have passed through peril—
The dungeon could not hide me from his love;
He would not let the headsman have his prey!
Again, from flood—I had forgot—

Lady L. O! sir,
You know not how this touches me!

Rapier. See! see!
Madam, he comes!

Lady L. Not now! not now! I cannot—
Rapier, I cannot speak to him now! Come,
A little way—come with me—tell me more!
O! sir, a mother's ears to a dear son's praise
Are sateless as the grave!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LOVEJOY.

Lovejoy. I cannot rest!
And tears—heaven's dew—my eyeballs hot refresh not!
O is it fate, or is it my great grief
And fiery brain gives this ensanguined hue
To earth and sky! Haste! haste! avenging time—
Like a hurricane sweep on, and do me—
On this villain—justice! How fevered is my blood!
I'll sit awhile! [Sits on a bank.]

Enter REUBEN. He goes into the Hut and returns.

Reuben. Lovejoy! Hist! hist! Lovejoy! [Sees him.]
Ho! sir, are you there—asleep, when great things
Must be done? Are you a son?—Your mother
And your sire left but *cold* blood behind them?
The hour is come, and lo! you are asleep!

Lovejoy. Sleep! (*wildly*) I never shall sleep more!

Reuben. Wake! wake! sir!
I say awake! This villain, Lord Protector
Of the realm—this murderer—ravisher—this felon
Cozener of your love and lands, awaits your sword!
A sword that heaven with justice unguent now
Shall touch, and to miraculous keenness edge!

Lovejoy. Where is my mother?

Reuben. Thou doting fool!
She's dead—she died dishonoured!

Lovejoy. Dishonoured!
But say't again, I'll tear thee limb from limb!

Reuben. Waste not your wrath on me! On him! on him!
On him! That's brave!—You'll follow me?
There is a secret corridor leads to

A room that's panelled; when he's given you proof,
 I'll drop my sword, on the very instant, you
 Burst in and slay—slay—slay him! I standing
 By his side, will instant aid—yea, even
 Before you reach him!

Lovejoy. Away! away! The moon
 Itself grows bloody! Come, Reuben. Ha! ha! ha!
 [Exeunt.]

Enter MICAH, watching.

Micah. I'll take the shorter path and warn his highness!
 [Exit.]

Re-enter LADY LOVEL and RAPIER.

Lady L. O! Rapier, 'tis that bloody villain!
 The life-long murderer of my peace! He will
 Destroy my child—my noble boy! Speed on! Swift!
 Swift! O swift!—yet stay—a moment—I'll go
 With thee unto the Protector! He shall not
 Murder the son—his victim's son, and mine!
 Heaven! heaven! what have I done that this should be
 [Faints, and is led off by Rapier.]

SCENE IV.

CROMWELL Seated in a Panelled Chamber, reading a letter.

Crom. My darling, Frances, so thou would'st, dear girl,
 Come to thy rough father, and play thy tricks,
 Thy merry monkey tricks with me! No fear,
 But loves fear—that is trust, and pleasantness,
 Yea an abounding joy—has my dear child
 Of me! How many times—when comfort there
 Was none—my darling—my old age's love—
 Frances, my dear one, hath leant her fair cheek
 'Gainst mine, and lit the darkness of my soul—
 The Egyptian darkness—with her loving looks!
 It will go hard, Frances, ere we two part—
 My dutiful girl that loves me! Ho! there!

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. What is your highness' pleasure? (*coughs*) He hears me not!

Crom. Tut—I've a tender flower, my child, Frances,
 Bestow her well! take heed of damp! Care not
 For my—one half so much as her—bestowment!
 O! woman, she's my loving youngest daughter!
 Look to it! See—here's for thee!
 [Exit Dorcas.]

Enter FRANCES CROMWELL.

She runs up to her Father, unperceived, and embraces him, &c., in an impetuous wilfull manner. CROMWELL caresses her passionately.

Crom. My Frances!

Fran. O what a naughty Oliver, to leave
His Frances—well, well, sir! How rough your beard is—
You must be shaved! [*Stamps with her foot.*]

Crom. Nay, hold—an I've any tonsor,
Thou art she! I'll have no other, Frances!

Fran. Ha! ha! Oliver, I would so tweak your nose,
So stuff, with soap, your eyes and mouth, that you
Should lack the power to see or chide me! Ha! ha!
O you dear, kind, rough, gruff old father, how
I love you!

Crom. I saw thee coming, cunning one!
But go, thou giddy child, to thy chamber—
Go, rest, Frances,—you shan't shave me! no, no!
[*Exit Frances.*]
Stout girl, naught wearies her!—Mine, all over!

Enter MICAH, breathless.

Well, Micah! Hast well sped? Speak, Micah, speak!
Dissonance, aye, to all my joy!

Micah. Your highness,
I—I'm breathless!

Crom. Borrow a new life then;
I ever did!

Micah. This chamber! Lo! the panel!
A secret corridor leads here; and Lovejoy—
Mad incensed against you—speeds for your life,
And Reuben—Reuben will be here anon
To signal him. On asking of a ring,
He'll drop his sword! I'm faint, your highness, pray—

Crom. Go, Micah! haste and get thee wine,—then call
My guards, and listening wait my signal—wait
I say until I *call*!—Let not that traitor
Dream I know aught on't!

Micah. I'll go this moment!

Crom. The man that serves us well hath honour. Look
To it.—Who doth not, yet more wrath! Reuben—
When come—Micah—bid him attend me straight!

Micah. I will your highness! I hear his footfall! [*Exit.*]

Crom. O Reuben! Reuben! Reuben! though base dogs
Assail a man of mark, ~~as~~ is their nature,
'Tis their fate to be spurned, and kicked, and hanged!

It must be that man i' the shire, who for revenge
Hath followed me these years!

Enter REUBEN.

Reuben, art there?

I've missed thee, honest Reuben! Hast heard aught?
Were thy spies faithful?—Was he nigh—young Charles?
Reuben, I *trusted* thee! What news?

Reuben. My lord,

Your highness, he *is* concealed—I'll swear it!

Crom. O swear not Reuben!—Swear not! Is he nigh?

Reuben. (*aside*) A moment, and your fate is. He is nigh,
I vow, he's not a league hence! Look my lord! [*Shews a ring.*

Crom. What scabbard's that? [*Pointing to Reuben's.*

Reuben. Your highness, 'twas your gift!

[*Lovejoy peers out of the Panel, and disappears. Crom-
well eyes Reuben and fronts the panel, while Reuben
speaks.*

Crom. And thou dost prize it? Grateful Reuben! O!

When our gifts yield usury, 'tis policy
To give! I have a present for thee, Reuben,
It will surprise thee; but 'tis not more than
Thy desert! (*smiles*) What of the ring, good Reuben?

[*Chucks his chin.*

Shew me it! Lets see thy sword! [*Examines, and retains it.*

This ring—why 'tis of countless price; I lost it

Nigh to Huntingdon! O simpleton, to think

It *his*—'twas given me by my father;

Reuben. Was it nigh *Huntingdon* you lost the ring!

'Tis very strange! Your highness, yesterday,
The sword which you deemed lost, I saw *it* in
The Armoury!

Crom. The one with my initials
Graved in silver on the hilt?

Reuben. The very same!

A gauntlet too, with blood upon it, which
At the self same time you missed, and asked if I
Had seen it!

Crom. Tush! tush, man! They cannot be
The same!

Reuben. My lord, I'm sure of it! And then
The lady—

Crom. Art sure of it, Reuben? Well, well!
Where is thy dagger?—What none?—Nor pistol?
Nor any weapon? Tut—tut! It is not well
To go unarmed! A sword may fail! Tut—tut!

[*Drops the scabbard.*

Simultaneously LOVEJOY enters, and CROMWELL speaks.

Reuben! no aid of thine! stand there, or I
Will smite thee!

Lovejoy. Thou thrice damned devil—butcher,
Vile Protector, ravisher, regicide,
And thief—have at thee; for thy pestilent soul
Shall hell more poisonous make, or thou shalt
Slay me!

[They fight, and Cromwell in a moment disarms Lovejoy, who falls heavily.]

Crom. Ha! ha! Reuben! Ha! ha! ha! Be still—
Here—bind him fast. Stay—stay (*listens*) why, Reuben,
There are more! 'Tis thy turn now! Ha! true—true,
I have *thy* weapon—thy faith—thy weapon!

Enter RAPIER, from the Panel.

Rapier. O misled friend, into the lion's den—
His very jaws—to rush! Ho! there—you—Noll!
I love my friend—and don't love you! Stand off him—
Let him pass at once—or, highness as you are,
I'll bring you low! Let go—I say—let go!
Thou damned old regicide, let go! Thy state
I reckon not! Butcher, let him loose!

[They fight. Oliver presses hard, and shivers Rapier's weapon, as his guards arrive, called by Reuben, who has previously seemed stupefied.]

Reuben. I am confounded! Ha! Why still I triumph!
Ho! Micah!—Guard, there, guard—this instant! Ho!

Enter MICAH and GUARD.

Seize these traitors! They have sought—
O monstrous villains!—they have basely sought
My Lord Protector's life!

Crom. O! partner of my peril, Reuben—friend,
Thou art no more a sergeant—yea, henceforth
Thou art exalted! Micah, lo I will
Order thee! Remove their weapons!—Leave them
I bid you all—yea, Reuben, too—even thou!
O grateful, tender heart, I see thou'rt pale!
'Twas a great peril, Reuben, but I'm spared;
Go get thee wine, and long life wish me!

[Exeunt Reuben and Guard. The Protector lays down his weapon, calmly seats himself, and seems to forget them.]

Rapier. (to Lovejoy) Why, noble heart, you are in a maze—
What devilry is this?—Him—of all men—

To attack! Why sure he's mad! What, Lovejoy!

Lovejoy. Rapier—is it you? Where am I, Rapier?

Rapier. Where the Devil would fear to come at prayers!
In old Noll's den—his chamber—nigh to him!
Egad—though innocent—I feel the cranching
Of my bones already! What madness could
Induce you?

Lovejoy. You do not know then—

Rapier. Know what?
I fear huge villainy!

Lovejoy. See! see him there! [Pointing to Oliver.
There is no justice in the Heavens!—He is
My father's murderer!—My mother's— (*shudders*) and I
Have still more wrong—and I am slain—and I've
Slain *you*, my friend! And there he sits and mocks
My impotent arm! Religion is a lie!
What's fair and lovely is most worthless metal—
Too base to counterfeit! The sight of him,
'Twill drive me mad—if I'm not mad already!

Crom. Well, sir, the sight of me?

[Turning sharply round.

Lovejoy. (shudders and retreats a little)
Triumphant, blazon'd felon!—Monster—how I
Hate thee!

Crom. In very deed! (*aside*) I doubt it not;
The lad's beguiled—befooled—yea, foully wronged!
'Tis very plain! I will know more anon.

And *you*, sir—what say you?

[To *Rapier*.

Rapier. Go to the devil!
I'll not plead to him!—He'd not believe me!

[*Aside*.

Crom. Is *he* thy father?

Rapier. We're not brothers—you
And I—your highness!

Crom. A truce, sir, to your ribaldry! How came
You here?

Rapier. I followed *him*—my friend!

Crom. Why came he here?—For what?

Rapier. I am not in his *counsel* and I know not;
But I feared a *trusty* friend of *yours* was like
To play the devil with him!

Crom. A jaunty tale,
In sooth! I turn on *you*, and say cut-throats,
Assassins, midnight stabbers—confronted,
Foiled—look to your spirits' health—look to it,
For I must change—or you seem fairer, who

Are now most foul in seeming, or ere the sun
Tops the high heaven, you die!—I say you die
A dog's death—for a dog's deed! Farewell, sirs!
So now the plot is burst, sweet daughter, Frances. [Aside.
I'll go listen to thy prattling! 'Tis well
I have her here—she'll sooth me! Micah—Ho!
The danger's naught—'tis the ague follows it!
My heart ne'er blench'd—danger is sport to it!

Enter MICAH.

Return that simple knave the packet, found
By him; instruct him openly, when warned,
To give it me—I'll tell thee when!—And, Micah,
Look well to Reuben—slay him if he flee!
I will have *sport*, poor traitor, from his treachery!
[*Exeunt Cromwell and Micah. Lovejoy looks wildly after him.*

Rapier. O Deborah! Deborah! Deborah!
So nigh possession, and to loose thee thus!
[*Lovejoy seizes the sword Cromwell has forgotten, and attempts exultingly to follow him; Rapier prevents him.*
Stay, stay, you're mad indeed! Forbear—'tis vain!
[*Scene closes.*

END OF ACT III.



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Guarded Chamber or Dungeon.*

Rapier. And you believed him, my poor friend !
He has beguiled your faith—deceived you—well nigh
Driven you mad.

Lovejoy. The *proof* ! I heard him own it !

Rapier. The proof ! O pardon me, it was most shallow !

Lovejoy. Then I *am* mad indeed !

Rapier. Your mother, now ?

Lovejoy. Ha—she died dishonoured ! Yes, Death pitied her !

Rapier. Are you *sure* of that ?

Lovejoy. Could I've but seen her
Ere I died ! Nay, nay, 'tis well she *is* dead,
High heaven can see, and she was mate for angels !
I'm sure of that !

Rapier. She lives !

Lovejoy. You mock me, man ;
Though you mean kindly !—Yes, she lives, but where ?

Rapier. I vow she lives !—But some short hours ago
I saw her ! She has a tale to tell, but not

His tale !—Her cup of suffering has been full.

There is a moated Grange at Butterby,
Some furlongs hence, where—in most close seclusion

Of necessity, she thought, not less than will—

Her widowed heart has told its sorrows

O'er and o'er again ! She—mark me—deemed you dead,
And mourned your fate !

Lovejoy. O that she thought so still !
Deceive me not—a man about to die !
O heartless wretch—I had forgot—I've slain
My only friend !

Rapier. Pooh—pooh ! no more of that ! (*sighs*) Poor Deborah !

Enter PICKEPRIDE. He runs up to *Rapier* and clasps
his feet and sobs.

Nay, sob not, my poor friend ! O Deborah !

Pick. That Noll—s the dev—il—

Rapier. Come friend—no more—I pray be calm !

Pick. I—I can't be calm—in—such—a—storm ! Don't—
don't be shot—captain. Oh—oh—I—wouldn't—oh ! They've let
me in as your body servant—I asked old Noll ! And there's the
lady Mary, and Deborah, and the colonel too—oh—oh !

Rapier. Speak—how does *she* bear it?

Pick. O she's screaming, and fainting, and crying, and shrieking! I wish his highness only heard her. She's dreadful!

Rapier. And the lady Mary?

Pick. Priscilla says she's scarcely spoken, but looks as if grief was turning her sweet heart and soul to stone! She talks to herself and then helps Deborah!—Oh! oh! oh! I came to tell you they—they're coming. Look!—O dear! O dear!

[*Exit.*

Rapier. The silly knave—he loves his master's *self*.
I cannot look on her; my loving Deborah!

Enter MARY leading DEBORAH, who rushes into RAPIER'S arms.

Deb. To death, Rapier, thine—thine!

[*Faints.*

Lovejoy. Oh!

[*Shudders and casts down his head as Mary approaches him.*

Mary. Dear Harry, this is very sad!

[*A pause.*

Lovejoy. Mary,

I wronged you! I was—I am unworthy.

Of your noble heart! Forgive me, Mary!

Mary. My love—my lord—my Harry now—my Harry

Evermore, hast thou no pitying arms for me—

Thy Mary—her that loves thee as her life?

Lovejoy. (*starts to his feet and Mary rushes into his arms*)

I am beloved of heaven! Yes, 'tis Mary!

The guardian angel of my passing life!

Mary. Nay, Harry, 'tis a weak girl that loves you!

O speak not so, dear Harry!

Lovejoy. I've been deceived—

Deceived, my Mary! O! 'twas a foul wrong!

I was forsaken, dearest, and I fell!

Mary. Ah! woe is me! I am to blame—to blame!

Lovejoy. All's like a wild whirling dream, my Mary!

I have been mad, and am dishonoured!

When I am gone, dear Mary, pray forget

All this, and think of me as when a boy,

Thy silvery counsels dropped a rain of music

In my welcoming ear!

I am dishonoured Mary! Forget it—O!

Forget it!—A murderer and a dupe too!

Mary. O Harry, we are frail; our holiest thoughts

Have taint of earth!—Our path is narrow,

And good heed and help, or else we fall! Harry—

Dear Harry, look above for aid—above!

I cannot ope my heart—'twill burst—'twill burst! [Aside.
 Harry! dear, dear Harry! [Passionately. Falls into his arms.
 [Deborah, who has been reviving, sees Rapier, shrieks, and
 convulsively embraces him.

Deb. They shall not tear thee from me, Rapier—
 My Edward—they shall not!

Rapier. My sweet Moss Rose,
 They will! Nay, do not clasp me thus; the time
 Will come when, as a beauteous vision, thou
 Shalt joy in this—the sorrow all gone by.
 O Deborah!
 This rough frame of mine conceals a tender
 Loving heart!

Deb. It does, it does—I know it does!

Rapier. Believe it! O believe it!
 In all my veins there's not a drop of blood
 I had not shed for thee,—not a pulsation
 Of this throbbing heart forgot thee,—not a dream
 But pictured thee,—no, not a thought of mine,
 But honoured thee, my warm-souled Rose!—and if
 From heaven I look at thee, 'twill be to bless
 The path thou treadest, to coax the angels
 Into loving thee!

Deb. Oh! oh! oh! (she starts up) But I
 Will speak to him! Thou shalt not die—O! no!
 Come, Mary, come to the Lord Protector—
 Come—'twill be too late if you stay thus—come,
 Quick! O Rapier! [Runs back to him.

Mary. My sister, we will go.
 I do not fear him. If prayer of mine can move
 His heart to pity, I will beseech him
 Fervently! Will speed to One that's higher still,
 And sees the very truth, my supplication;
 He will hear my prayer! And come the worst I'll—
 O Harry, Harry! thou comest 'twixt me and heaven!

[Passionately.
 My cold tongue mocks my throbbing heart and brain!
 Come Deborah!

Awhile farewell, dear friend!—Than thou no other
 Bridegroom!—These lips of mine which thou hast kissed,
 None other shall! Farewell—perchance for ever!
 Oh! oh! oh!

[In a low wailing tone. They part. Exit Mary.

Rapier. Nay, follow her, dear Deborah!
 This kiss of mine—O may it be to thee
 The harbinger of joy to come!

Deb. I never shall joy more! [Rushes off.

Enter MICAH.

Micah. Ere comes the fatal hour, his highness would
Have speech with you; wherefore, come forth and wait
His pleasure!

Rapier. Harry, we've looked at Death ere now—
Come on!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter PRISCILLA and PICKLEPRIDE, embracing and
sobbing.*

Pick. Would you cry, Prissy, if I was going to be hanged?
—ugh! O dear!

Pris. Yes, Pickle, (*sobs*) but hadn't we better get married
first?

Pick. Hum!—but I won't, Prissy—cheer up, cheer up,—
for Prissy's sake I won't be hanged—I'll get married instead.
Come, Prissy, come—cheer up!

Pris. Yes—yes! Is the ring in—your pocket? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Hall, at Houghall.*

CROMWELL *discovered seated.* SIR ARTHUR HAZELRIGGE
attending.

Crom. The sword of justice!—'tis an awful charge—
The man who wields it should in prayer be constant!
His counsel in the heavens,—his eye o'er all,
Through all—like to the lightning's swift sped flame!
His heart as adamant—yet yielding to
The truth—as Horeb's rock, a living flow
Of the serenest faith! Such majesty
Of trust—its hoary locks with chastest flowers
That from the sun's rays hide, and yet are seen
The fairest there—should bind. The sway is dread!
Its train are heady silence—racking doubts—
Hopes vivid—swiftly sped, eat up by gloom!
A narrow stage it hath, a tiny hour,
A memory—O who can tell how long!—Who,
Who—serenest in the truth—can fail to own
How little bright, and how much dark besets
His perilous path? O I could tell a tale,
My friend, I—reckless deemed—who have much suffered.

Enter MICAH.

Micah. The prisoners wait your highness' pleasure.

Crom. Lead them in, good Micah! [*Exit Micah.*

Enter FRANCES CROMWELL.

Frances. O father, what—
What's this I hear? But first, how's your dear health?
You're pale and sad!

Crom. I am, my own dear child.
Heaven keep from *thee* the dreary hours my trust
Hath brought with it! O young undoubting eyes—
Earth's loveliest dawn to a world wearied eye!
Age—blood chilled, trembling age—hath to it given
This one of three great gifts, to soothe and cheer it.—
The first's the paged Past,—the last that story
Ripening into deed, that tells of sorrow
Ended, and perpetual joy begun!
Pure, trusting, guileless youth is warranty
Thereto—the vision clears—the mist removes—
And in its smiles life's downward path grows bright!
My child doth that for me!

Frances. But, father, these—
What have they done?

Crom. Thy father's life, my child!

Frances. O villains!—I'll not plead for them!

Crom. Thou shalt see justice, Frances, wait.

Frances. They come!

Enter REUBEN.

Crom. Ha, Reuben, sit thou here beside me!
Exaltation, Reuben, waits for thee! Sit—sit.

*[Reuben is seated below Cromwell, so as to be unobserved
by Lovejoy, &c., but conspicuously in front. Hazelrigge
and Frances Cromwell on the upper side of Cromwell.]*

*Enter MICAH and SOLDIERS, with LOVEJOY and RAPIER,
Prisoners.*

Rapier. Colonel! I joy to see you calm again;
These Roundhead curs shall have no sport of us—
We'll shew them, Harry, how gallant gentlemen
Meet death—as a most courteous king—with smiles!
Lovejoy. If I seem sad, 'tis not from fear of death,
It is because my madness hath destroyed
The most chivalrous soldier, comrade, friend
That lives! How should I choose but mourn for that?

Rapier. My death is happy, for I die with him—
O would instead of him!—to whom so oft
I've owed my life; whose large desert includes
All thou hast flattering named me, as but

A bare appurtenance—is all I am,
And tenfold more. Fret not thy noble heart for me!

Crom. (who has been conversing with Sir Arthur and Frances)

Dost know them, Reuben?—Aught of their history? [*Aside.*]

Reuben. Of Lovejoy, by report; less of the other!

Crom. Ha! Can they defend, think'st thou, their treason,
Their purposed homicide and ambushing?

Reuben. I know not!—'Tis impossible, your highness!

Crom. 'Twas such *huge* villainy! Ha—Reuben? The shock
Whereof thy pale cheeks have not yet recovered!
Should they not die a dog's death—eh! Reuben?

Reuben. They—they do deserve it hugely. Villains!

Crom. Micah! Bid them stand forth at once! The file
Is ready?—All prepared for execution?

'Tis well! Lose not a moment on the signal!

[*Rapier and Lovejoy are brought forward.*]

Now, madmen, traitors, ungraced homicides—
'Twixt whom and death there's but a hand's breadth space—
If adequate cause—though none there can be,
Or any palliative for this most devilish
And unprovoked attack upon our highness,
Who am the unworthy pillar of the state,
And somewhat too the builder—Lo! I am here—
If any such there be—to hearken, poise,
And judgment give you!

Lovejoy. (aside to Rapier) This weary, babbling life,
I'm done with it! I'd not beg it, not waste
One word for it!—Speak thou for thine, or I—
I'll beg it for thee!

Rapier. No, no; I smile at them!
I'm nobler here, than Cromwell in his seat;
There is no speck will stick upon my honour!

Lovejoy. His highness was accounted just where large lures
Were not, even by enemies. Should I tell
My tale, my friend's at once will be believed;
'Tis worth the trial. For thy sake, not for mine,
I'll tell him all—and yet I would be silent!

Crom. I wait for your defence, if one you have!
Lovejoy! I ask what hast to say why I
May not deliver thee unto a felon's death?
My state on't, I'll be just, when patient I have heard!

Lovejoy. Your highness—though opposed—I honoured you
More than my chief! I flatter not,—I seek
Not life! I do believe you, you whom some
Short hours ago—being to my ear abused
Most foully—I did hold a devil damned!
My friend is *not* to blame!—Honour, instead,

Is his most righteous due! He—led by love
Of me—to save me from this crime, or any
Madness might induce, urged strongly to it
By a new-found mother for her new-found son,
Pursued me here! Your highness, this is true—
Upon a soldier's honour it is true—
I am alone to blame!

Rapier. Nay—nay! I crossed my sword with his, Harry!

[*Reproachfully.*]

Lovejoy. But spurred thereto by my impending peril—
On the instant's spur! No crime—your highness!

Crom. It hath a likely seeming—eh? Reuben!

[*Aside to Reuben.*]

Reuben. A lie, your highness, cunningly contrived.

Crom. You teach me wisdom, Reuben!

So strange a tale demands some proof; what was't [To *Lovejoy.*]
That moved you so 'gainst me, to assail my life
In my own privacy? Unfold it, sir.

Lovejoy. Loathing the tale, and my credulity,
I'll tell it!

Enter MICAH, who whispers CROMWELL.

Crom. Well, well, let them come! Go, Frances,
As becomes thy father's child, and lead them in. [*Exit Frances.*]
Her father's child!—Yes, she is that all over. [*Aside.*]

Enter FRANCES, MARY, DEBORAH, PRISCILLA, &c.

Proceed, sir,—we would hear you!

Lovejoy. Your highness,—

A man of trust, whom *you* have trusted, I
Believed. That is my crime!

Crom. That is well said.

[*Aside.*]

Lovejoy. With circumstance, which your own words confirmed
He told a tale which drove me mad!—For I
Was mad!

Crom. My "words confirmed!"—What means he—eh?

[*Aside to Reuben.*]

Lovejoy. His tale was *false*—but I believed it—
And such a tale, so told—confirmed—had moved
A heart of adamant to such an act.
Hear me! Had you, as I, large sympathies,
And a most narrow stage: were you, as I,
So moved to hear, I ask you, Lord Protector,
My most stern judge—so injured in report
And my hot deed—*what* had *your* action been?

Crom. (aside) A noble heart, poor lad! I hear—proceed.

Lovejoy. I do anticipate—to unfold, I loved—
How worthily you know, at least in part—
I had thereof a glorious and a brightening
Vision. To me my Mary was all—father,
And the holier name and tie of mother
Could be; parents, sister, lover, friend, in one!
My present trust—my future hope—my dawn—
My day!—My purer soul's preceptress, and
The scholar I had taught a heaven spoke tongue,
The mystery whereof—she, all unconscious—
She herself, with her dear eyes had taught me!

Crom. (aside) I wonder not she loved him. Be brief!

Lovejoy. I met her—long estranged by circumstance
From her dear presence—full of vivid joy,
And trust, and hope! A moment—one black hour—
And all was withered!—I for aye cast off!—
The divinest blessing in the world I *lost*!
Was't not enough to drive me mad?

Crom. Go on!

Lovejoy. I well nigh was so! Conceive my state—
My most stern judge—of huger sympathies,
Stoop now to this!

In such a *state*, with a most kindly seeming,
To me the tempter came!—

Crom. 'Tis very moving!
Reuben, what think'st thou?

Reuben. (aside) Confusion! He's mad still,
Your highness!—Heed him not—we'll hear anon
Some pestilent folly.

Crom. Mad—mad! Who'd heed?

Lovejoy. The tale he told, 'twas horrible!
The least whereof was this—*my* lands were *thine*—
But not of right, but villainy and wrong.
Thou wert my father's murderer—my mother's
Dishonouring foe, and most damn'd oppressor—
The pois'ner, in my guardian's ears, of my
Most treasured fame—the *fiend* by whose black arts
My Mary was torn from me, not to death
Alone—and hideous that—but to that *hell*
Of a pure-minded girl, a cold, vain, false,
And soulless knave's unchaste, though *wed* embrace!
That is my tale. I ask you, Lord Protector—
Man to man—I ask, what *now's* my crime?

Crom. (aside) A most noble gallant, Reuben—Ha? Hum!
Aught else? [To *Lovejoy*.

Lovejoy. Alas! I had forgot my friend.

My tempter urged me on to vengeance, I
 Was ripe for it, and led by him, in league
 With him, I hither came for justice—vengeance—
 What you will—on you, so slandered—yea, on you,
 The land's Protector and my present judge.
 And my most noble friend—I swear it, sire,
 Upon my knees—knew naught of this, and came,
 If aught, to save me from my desperate act!
 As I *do* live—as I *shall* die—I speak

The very truth; my friend is wholly guiltless.

Crom. Ask him, *Reuben*, who his tempter was. [Aside.]

Reuben, He's mad—stark mad! Why humour him?

Oh! oh!

Crom. Does *your* tale square with *his*?—Speak, I would hear,
 Before you die! [To *Rapier*. A general sensation.]

Rapier. Hear! Were your black soul and heart
 Not turned to flint, the moving tale he told
 His pardoner had been,—his chains had melted,—
 And his path to freedom opened—to more—
 To a most glorious life i' the heart and soul
 Of that dear lady—his most worthy wife
 That should be!

Crom. Away with them to death!
 With puppet tales to cozen me—ha! ha!—
 From punishment of desperate *treason*!
 Away with them! Do I not well, *Reuben*?

[Aside.]

Reuben. Your highness is a righteous judge indeed:
 They're worthy of their fate! (*aside*) I triumph.

Haz. Let me entreat your highness, spare them!

Crom. Away with them! I will not hear thee. *Thou*
 Advocate for traitrous felons, midnight stabbers?
 Thou'rt doting, *Hazelrigge*!

[*Mary* steps forward before *Cromwell*.]

Mary. Stay, stay, my lord!
 Hear me, for I will speak! I have the right—
 It is my duty! Fail—on thy peril—
 Fail to hear me, highness as thou art!

Crom. (*aside*) Most noble niece!
 Audacious girl, how darest thou?

Mary. Your highness—dare!
 Where no fear is, that is an idle word!
 Your highness—*dare*!—O I dare front *Apollyon*
 For his sake! A woman is *all* daring—
 Knows no fear, save that she fail, for him she loves!

Crom. (*aside*) My brave *Mary*—how I honour thee!

[*Mary* falls at his feet, kneeling.]

Mary. O *Cromwell*! I'm most desperate grown;

I use big words, and stir up wrath where I
Should soothe. I love, I honour thee!—I pray
Believe it!

Crom. Love me, and plead thus for the man
Who would have slain me?

Mary. For the man who loves me!
For the man I love!

Crom. A midnight stabber—
Reckless—mad—a cut-throat—

Rapier. Liar! In honour [*Rushing forward. He is stayed.*
He's thy prince! Thou damned old regicide—so
Speak of him!

Crom. Back! madman, back!

Mary. Your highness—
'Tis his most familiar friend!—Hath not *his* warm burst
Some weight?—Will *nothing* move you?

Crom. Tush—tush, girl!
A proper maid to love—eh—Reuben? Hum! [*Aside.*

Mary. I plead for mercy, and you will not hear!
Be not the heavens deaf to you in your extreme!

Crom. Mercy! Is't not justice earwigged by policy?
There is all reason and all law—they die!
So be it! Have done with thy entreaty!

[*Mary rises, and falls back desponding. Deborah succeeds her.*

Deb. I will speak, Rapier, for thy life!—I must—
I will! (*kneels*). O Cromwell! see me at your feet!

Rapier. (*fiercely*) Rise, Deborah, rise, or I will spurn you!
Was't not enough to pale thy cheek with grief,
But thou must bend thy tender knees to that
Cold-blooded dotard! Rise, Deborah, I say,
And let me die in peace! Rise! rise, I say!

Crom. He bids you rise!

Deb. O I will never rise,
Till he is pardoned! O Cromwell—highness—
Spare his life, I pray you! I—I shall die
If he does! Would'st have *me* die?—your own friend's child?
And Rapier, I do love him *so* (*weeps*) and he
Loves me most dearly!—Spare—spare his life!
You're rough, but not *that* cruel! You cannot—
No, no, monster, no—you dare not slay him;
You shall slay me first! Slay him!—Every stored curse
Above would rush down on your head, and steep
Your pillow with white molten fire!

Crom. Ho! Micah, remove this frantic girl!

Deb. No, no, your highness, Lord Protector,—no—
Not untill you've pardoned him, my Edward!

Crom. 'Tis time this end! Remove them! Eh—Reuben?

Frances ! is't possible ? Back ! back ! (*aside*) Dear girl !

[*To Frances, who attempts to intercede for them a second time.*]

Deb. O pardon him, my innocent Edward !

You dare not, monster, no you dare not slay him !

The heavens 'fore all the earth would shriek at you—

“That monster !” [*Deborah has risen and sinks in Rapier's arms.*]

Crom. 'Tis very moving, Reuben ! Is it not ?

Did I now *but* pardon one ? Nay, nay, but one ?

Reuben. That one, your highness, were ill spared !

He'd live

To revenge his friend. (O hell ! that this were over !)

Crom. Is then revenge so strong a passion ? Hum !

I'll think of it—'tis worth a thought. Ho ! there !

Micah—why tarriest thou ? Proceed, I say,

To execution ! Why am I not obeyed ?

[*Mary steps forward hurriedly and kneels. Exit Micah.*]

Mary. No—no—no ! Stay, for I've not urged one half

Of what I would ! O ! tune my voice some angel

To the music that *will* melt him. Give me

A tongue, ye heavens, that will compel him—hear me !

I ask it, for I'm weak who should be strong,

Whose heart-wrung prayer should move the very stones

To pitying answer ! Be still my throbbing heart,

My burning brain be cold, for he is marble !

What shall I do ?—what say ? O ! there is pity

In the heavens, and bright-eyed angels whisper,

“Hope, go on.” Your highness, (*pauses*) The words fly from me !

Help me, ye powers above !

Crom. (aside) I feel as 'twere accursed ;

Yet would I see and prove. Mary—again ?

Mary. You had a mother, whom *you* fondly loved

And heard that tale. Did it not move your heart ?

That tale, *so* told. Think now her spirit sees you !

And I, O ! cruel girl, *I* was the cause

Of his most desperate wicked deed. I hate

The crime, your highness, but O ! more the cause !

I do not plead for justice ! No ! I plead

For *mercy* ! Mercy, Cromwell ! *that* I plead for !

Crom. Such mercy were unjust ? Eh—Reuben ?

Mary. Soil not the word with such reproach !

O ! mercy is that softened Eye above,

The terrible splendours of heaven's right subdued !—

The rose of Paradise, that to the lily

Lends its tinct of beauty for all human eyes,

Else all too spotless to be seen.—It is

The burden of its groves—the odorous breath

Symphonious droops, and makes the whole earth smile !
 It is the life, and flower, and crown of Time—
 The silver cord all things subsisting binds.
 The light, the shade, the crystal streams, the flowers,
 The all that's beautiful, the all we need,
 'Tis *mercy* sends them. Our lives we owe to it,
 And through death's dark'ning shadow still 'twill steal
 To cheer. It was enshrined in Man, and left
 Behind a race diviner still—more merciful !
 I now do plead for life—'tis mercy bids me,
 That mercy that illumines *death*, stern Judge !
 Had he not wrong?—Have you ne'er fallen? You know
 How readily a *seeming* wrong inspires
 To evillest deeds—as readily as wrong.
 O! seated in your judgment seat, give heed
 To my poor speech! Ruler, forget not Him
 Above! Man! man! remember thou art man
 Thyself! Thou'rt moved! I am assured—I know—
 I feel—thou wilt forgive them! I do trust thee,
 Lord Protector of the land! [*Mary retires back to Lovejoy.*
[Cromwell appears moved. Reuben watches him.

Enter MICAH, LADY LOVEL, and PICKLEPRIDE.

Reuben. (aside) A tear! Haste!
 Haste! or I am lost! Ho! guard away with them!
 Away to death! [*Starts up and cries hoarsely.*

Lovejoy.

Rapier.

Mary.

Lady L.

Lovejoy.

} That voice!—*That is the man!*

'Twas he that did incense me to the act!
 That monstrous villain!

Rapier. The damnedst knave on earth!

Mary. 'Twas he did soil thine honour in mine ear!

Lady L. That is my husband's rascal murderer,

My foul relentless foe, my boy's destroyer!

That is the very fiend! I cry for justice

On him, Lord Protector!

Crom. Why thou hast friends here!

Are they *all* mad, my trusty, loving, honest,

Honest Reuben? O! monstrous villainy!—Even though

To save these silly lads from death—'twere a

Foul wrong to slander *thee*, my *honest* Reuben!

[*Clashing of steel heard.*

Out Micah! see what's there. I ween there are

Some honest men that love me.

[*Picklepride gives Cromwell the packet he found, on being signalled.*

Pick. This packet—
With a signature, for sure your highness knows—
I found at Durham.

Crom. What's this I see? Why as I live
A foul conspiracy against my life!

Man! *man!* what's this? [To *Reuben*. *Reads.*

Lady L. O! hear a mother's prayer
For her dear son! My boy! my luckless boy! [Embraces him.

Lovejoy. Art thou indeed my mother, lady? Would—
Would thou wert not!—My sorrow is too full—
A moment—and I die!

Lady L. O! no! He will
Hear me! None—none hath claim like mine to speak.
A mother's prayer should stay a wrathful angel's flight.
Child, bid him hear me! His dear loved daughter, speak!

[To *Frances Cromwell*.

Crom. (*waving them off*)
Whose signature is this?—The hand—whose is't?
Art tongue-tied, *Reuben*? What, is *this* mad too?

*Re-enter MICAH, driving a Royalist Soldier before him, who
immediately falls wounded, at Rapier's feet.*

Reuben. Nay, then all's over! Have at thee!
[Rushes with drawn sword against *Cromwell*, and is inter-
cepted by *Rapier*, who has snatched the fallen *Soldier's*
weapon. *Rapier* runs him through, and *Reuben* falls at
Cromwell's feet.

Rapier. No—no!
Not so—I'd see the very devil served!
And yet, for sure, this *Noll's* of that blood royal!
Crom. Ho! *Reuben*! are you there, my honest friend?
And didst thou think for aye to hoodwink me,
Who saw to the bottomest puddle of
Thy filthy soul—though all too late. Slay me!
Slay me! A true man towers above all malice!
Spy—traitor—slanderer—would-be-lord,
I know thee!—Time would not mend thee! Basest dog
That lives, thou diest accursed, and they shall live
In happiness and honour! Had you but sought,
You'd known a villain mounts, but never thrives!
Ho! there! Away! even as he is, I say,
Away to the highest gallows with him! [Reuben is led off.

Reuben. Hell's curses on thee, *Oliver*; and you,
And you, and all!

Crom. This knave, he's one of six?
I thought so! Hence, Ruffian, see him mount and mend!

[The *Royalist Soldier* is led off.
Lady—your son—I pardon him! You knew me! [To *Lady Lovell*.

Once you trusted me—why not again? Was't vain?
 I'd torn your fears to shreds, and stood your friend—
 I would, thou gentle fearful dove behawked!
 For your estates, now forfeit, an I've power,
 They shall be your's again—or rather his,
 Your son, Lord Lovel's,—whereon, dear lady,
 Live in happiness, as mortals may!

Sir,

[*To Lovejoy.*

Though I blame, most justly blame you for your deed,
 You're pardoned! Guileless—get you wisdom!

You,

[*To Rapier.*

Doomed, you thought, by me to death, you saved my life!

A gallant gentleman you are approved!

I honour you, Sir Edward,—aye, he's dead,

And you're a landed Baronet. Your hand.

Rapier. And my heart too! Hum! You're a trump, Oliver—
 Egad your are! The devil's lavender,

[*Cromwell smiling, taunts Frances.*

There's white in him! I say, friend Noll. Hum! Hem!

[*Rushes to Deborah, and kisses her.*

Debby! I'll make a lady of you, Debby—

[*Aside.*

The Lady Debby Rapier! We'll be married,

Debby Hazelrigge,—be married i' the morn.

Deb. Nay, nay, you must grow tamer, madcap, ere

I marry you. Shame, Rapier, openly

To—(*pouts*) Beside Sir Arthur may refuse consent.

[*Falls back, Rapier earnestly pleading. Cromwell comes forward.*

Crom. Dear lady—and thou, gentle silver-voiced,

And most courageous Mary—yea, and you,

[*To Deborah.*

Fair rebel, I do beg, humbly entreat

Your pardon for this trial. A knave I wished

To prove and scourge—perchance some metal else

To try. You'll love none less for it, but more.

[*Goes to Sir Arthur Hazelrigge.*

Lovejoy. My cruel trial, Mary, through thy proof,

Shall on my heart no shadow leave; instead,

For thee shall burn a purer flame, a more

Intense and trusting love!

Mary. My love, dear Harry,

Of long growth, shall grow to a serener morn,

Where no shade comes! I'll be to thee, I trust,

A dutiful and loving wife.

Rapier. I'll marry

A torment when I wed!

Deb. A governess, sir!

'Twill be my duty to correct your faults—

Your many faults—for they are many, sir.
 You're a vain man Rapier! Yes, I'll teach you
 To be vain of naught but me. Are you not proud
 Of me already? No mockery! Ha—you are!
 I make apt scholars!

[*Cromwell returns and notices Picklepride and Priscilla.*]

Crom. Art anchored, sirrah?
 He is a knave in my esteem, and doth deserve
 The rod who woos and then forsakes a woman.
 Be true to her!

Pick. Verily, your highness, I have but eschewed the evil,—
(aside) that's Polly and Dolly,—to cleave unto the good,—
(aside) that's you, Priscilla. Micah there is courting Polly,—
 she needs but little courting, your highness—he'll marry her.

Crom. Ha! ha! a hopeless knave! [*Aside.*]

Dovecas. Well, I declare, men have no taste at all!
 A painted scentless flower, *that* suits them best!
 I—I, who am a maid of good report without—
 No man will ask me!—More fools they! I could weep!—
 That Picklepride, he vowed—the traitor vowed—
 That—that baggage, that Priscilla—well! well!
 All my maids, henceforth, shall be ugly maids!

Crom. Sir Edward, I've well sped—Sir Arthur yields,
 [*To Rapier.*]

And Deborah is yours! I wish you joy!
 Rank rebels that you are! I wish you peace!
 My Mary, dare I give her thee? [*To Lovejoy.*]

Lovejoy. Nor lands,
 Nor life, nor Mary's self can yield me joy,
 Until your favour proves with *you* my peace
 Is made, From my heart's depths I crave it sire!

Crom. Wilt trust him, Mary? Girl, he hath bribed thee!
 Well, take her! But love her as you can, and then
 No fear of me, my favour is secured!
 Heaven's blessings strew your future path with flowers!
 Domestic happiness and wedded bliss
 Be yours; and what more tends to peace I wish you!
 My dear friend Milton, how he'd smile to hear me! [*Aside.*]
 And now, good friends, let me entreat you, speed
 These marriages,—I am enamoured of the brides.
 Nay, frown not, Frances! What is there?

[*Pointing to a flower vase.*]

Go, cull me, child, a Lily and a Rose.
 State affairs grown urgent, call me hence!

[*Frances brings the flowers to Cromwell, who presents a Lily
 to Mary, and a Rose to Deborah.*]

Sweet Mary, in thy bosom wear this flower;

Fair sprightly Deborah, in thy bosom this !

[To Lovejoy and Rapier who take their hands.]

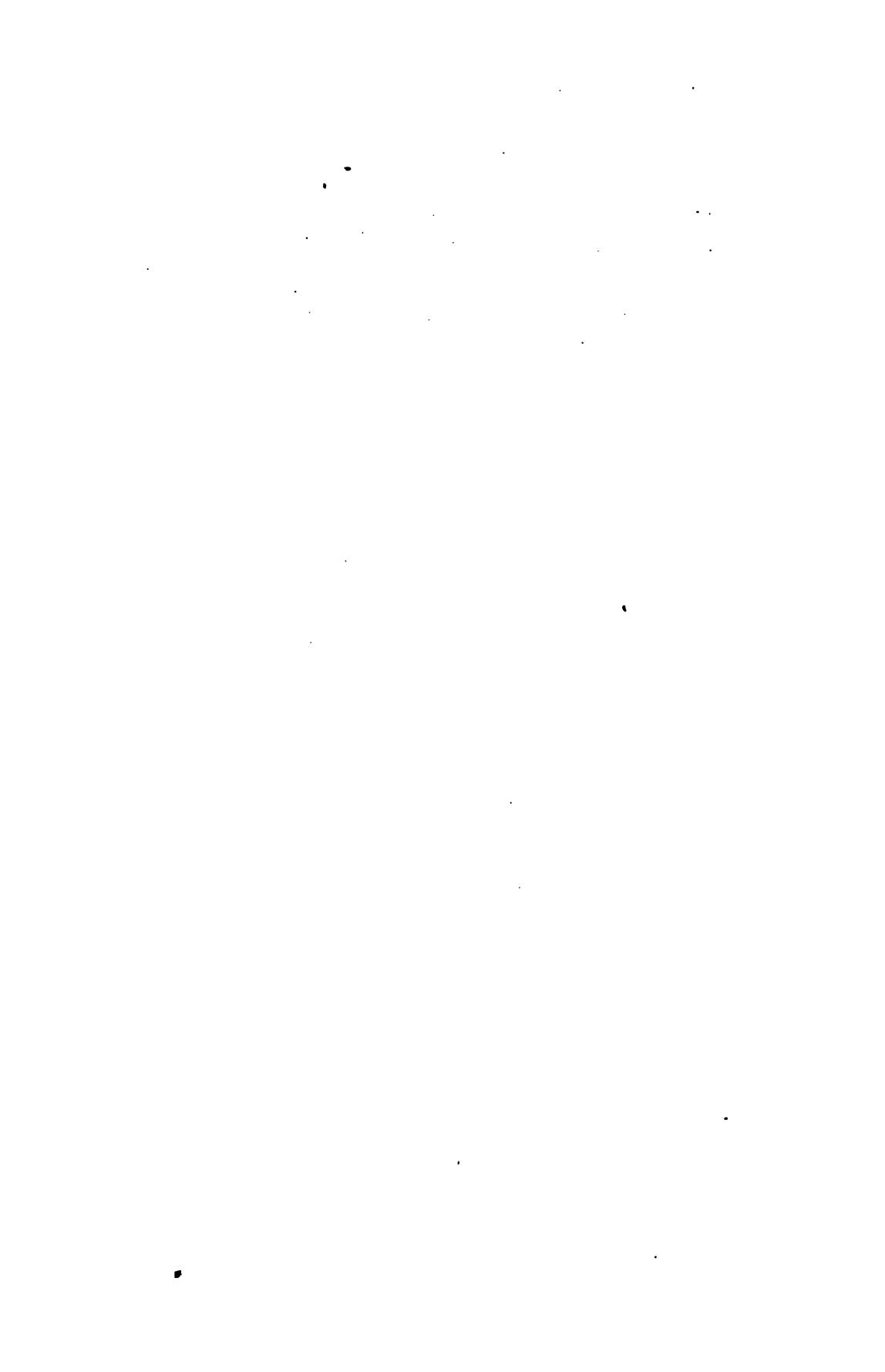
O ! to your hands do I commit most priceless
Treasures ! In thought, or word, or deed forget
It not ! Protector of these noble lands,
No treasures have I like these ladies' hands !

[Steps forward, handing Mary on the right, and Deborah on the left.]

Our Play is ended, and we now entreat
Indulgence at your kindly hands 't may meet ;
Your townsman born, he owns its faults are many,
But will your kindness, townsmen, here, see any ?
'Twas writ in haste, without the power
To seize, as came the soul-inspiring hour.
If he shall live, he trusts, with studious care,
New scenes, than these more worthy, to prepare ;
Scenes of more humour, and diviner woes,
Than sprang from Houghall, or the Lily and the Rose.

FINIS.









**This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.**

**A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.**

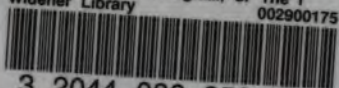
Please return promptly.

23497.36.9.15

The protector at Houghall, or The I

Widener Library

002900175



3 2044 086 858 305